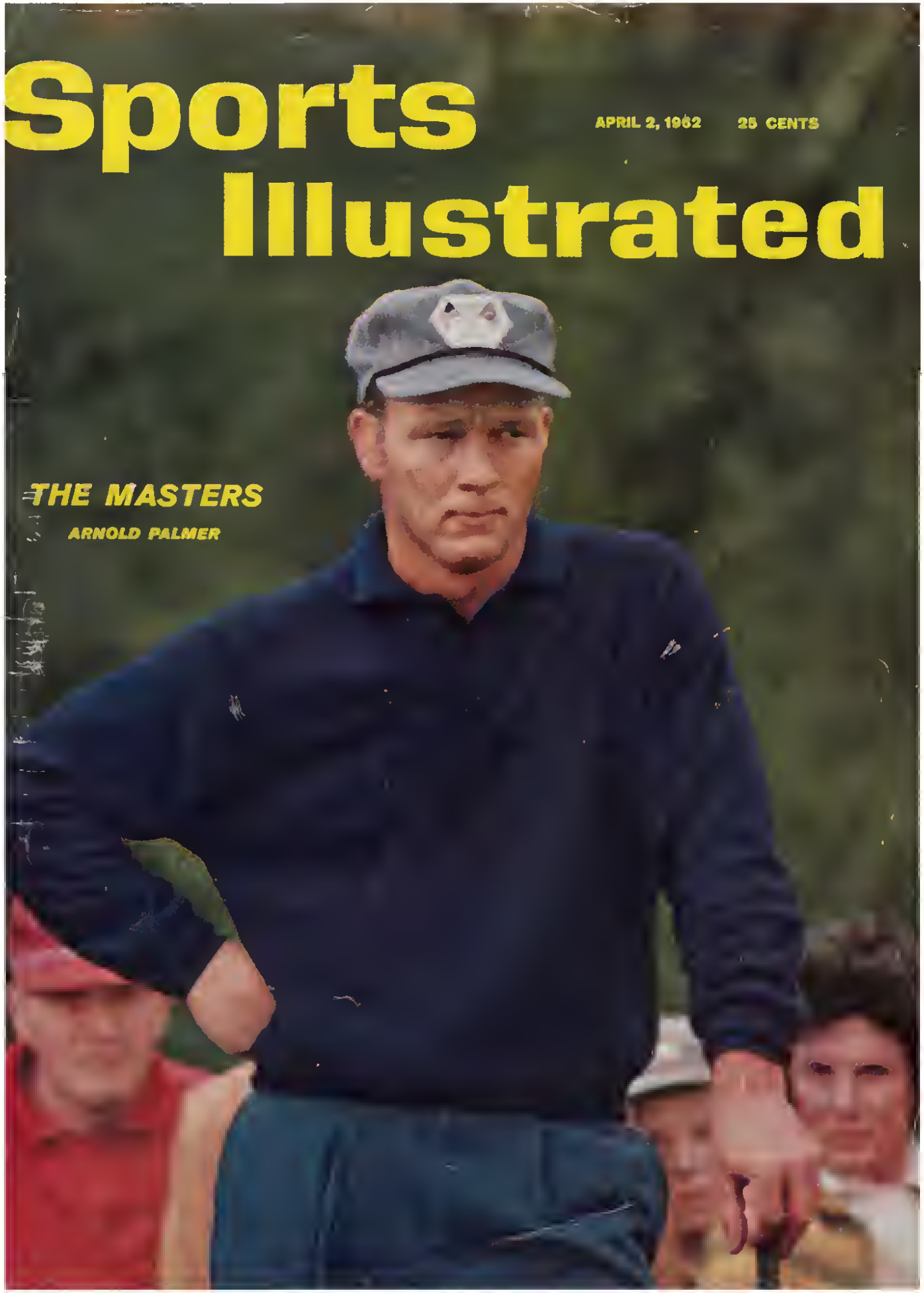
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 2, 1962 25 CENTS



THE MASTERS

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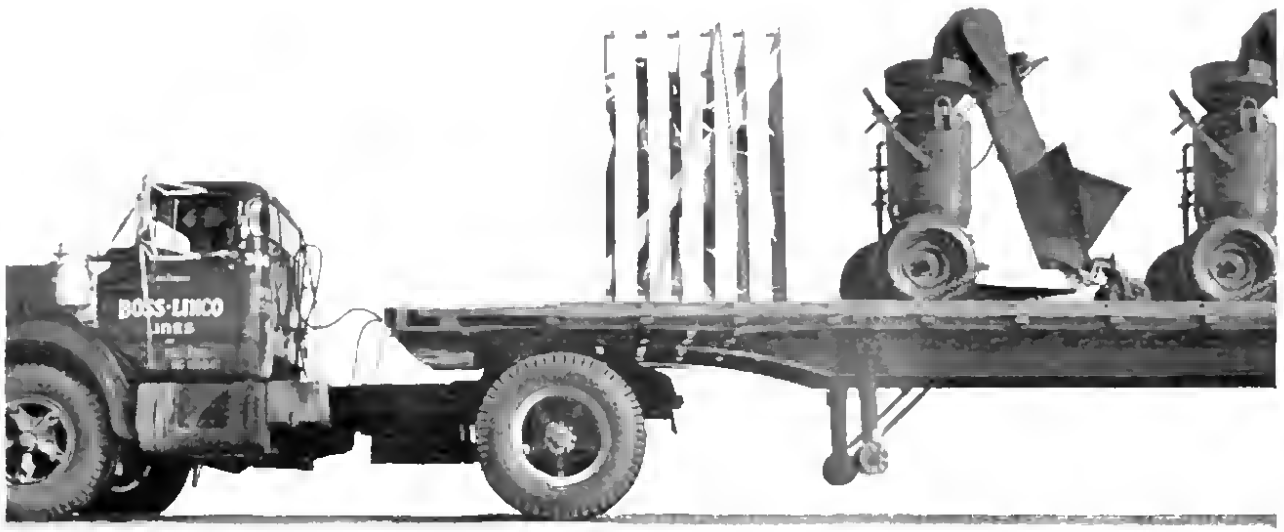


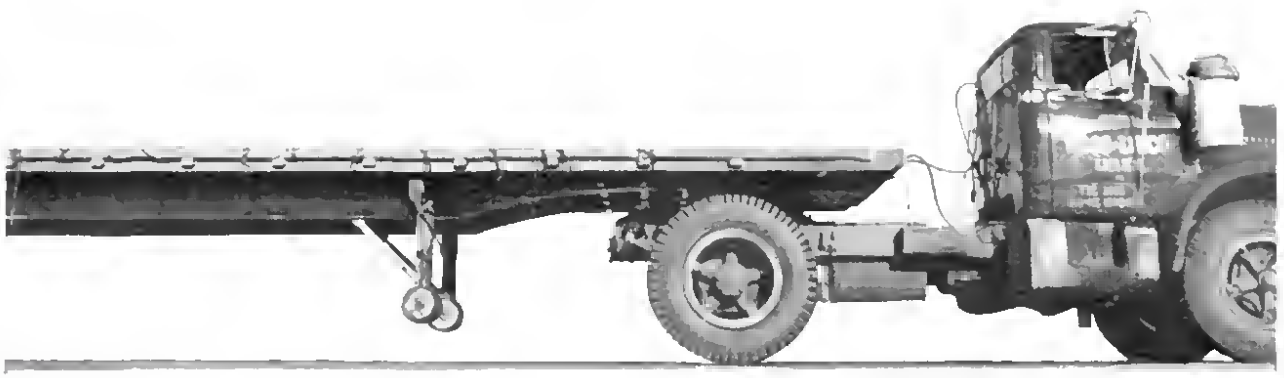
Smirnoff® Vodka Gimlet
Add 1 part Rose's Lime Juice to 4 or 5 parts Smirnoff. Stir well and serve over ice.

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Contents

APRIL 2, 1962 *Volume 16, Number 13*

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

12 The Deadly Insult

A victorious Emile Griffith, a helpless Benny Paret: the result of a bitter fight for the welterweight title

16 A Big Year for the Rookies

There are rookies of all kinds in the spring training camps this year, including some who may be future stars

18 A Davis Cup Captain on Opens'

David L. Freed, secretary of the USLTA and a potent force in amateur tennis, urges prompt and drastic changes

20 Cincinnati Is No. 1

Ranked second to Ohio State for two years, the Bearcats took over the top spot in the NCAA finals

Perspective on the Masters

28 *Artist Robert Parker depicts the mood at Augusta*
36 *Gwilym Brown and Alfred Wright study the statistics*

43 The Great Khans of Squash

Never in history has one family dominated a game like this dynasty of champions from Pakistan

70 Millionaire's Brew

Canada's E. P. Taylor mixes beer, horse racing and a new Bahamas resort and comes up with three winners

88 Mantle and Maris in the Movies

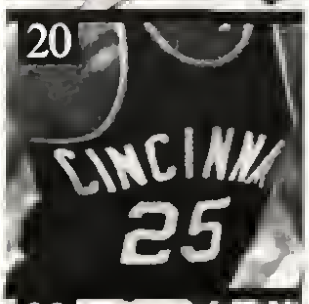
The story of a film that has everything: Florida, a runaway Little Leaguer, romance and M & M

The departments

5 Scorecard
78 Bridge
80 Motor Sports
86 Golf
101 For the Record
102 Basketball's Week
104 19th Hole















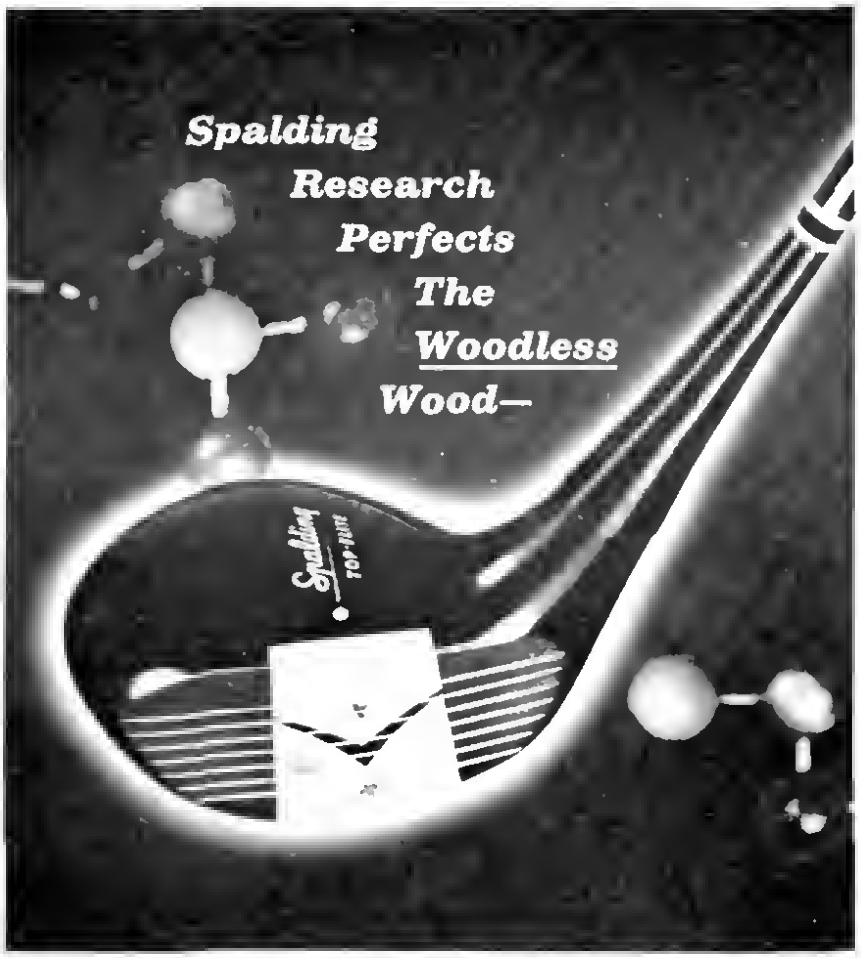
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Acknowledgments on page 101

Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's baseball staff takes a 40-page look at the strengths and weaknesses of the major league teams in the annual Baseball Issue. Robert H. Boyle reports on Commissioner Ford Frick (*Perfect Man for the Job*) and finds he may be a good man for the owners but not necessarily for the sport. Author-Pitcher Jim Brosnan writes vividly about the inner workings of a pennant-chasing ball club in an excerpt from his latest book. And six fine pitchers look you right in the eye—in color.

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SHOPWALK

A new shotgun shell, the Mark 5, has a unique polyethylene collar that gives shooters more power and greater range

Shotshell performance has been boosted so much in the past decade that the shotgunner can hardly blame his ammunition if he shoots badly. In 1954 Winchester-Western brought out the short magnum, a standard-sized, 2¾-inch shell with considerably more power and pellets than ever before. And two years ago Remington Arms Co. developed the Premium Grade SP. This shell, which has a polyethylene body and a steel head, can be stored indefinitely and fired in any weather (it is impervious to water) without loss of efficiency or safety.

The latest development in shotshell performance is Winchester-Western's Mark 5, introduced two weeks ago. The Mark 5 has a unique polyethylene collar that gives regular and magnum shells a boost in performance nearly equal to an additional quarter ounce of shot without any increase in recoil.

The collar is simply an opaque strip of pliable plastic, about the size of a Band-Aid, that is wrapped around the pellets in the shell. It functions as a shield to protect or insulate the pellets against the initial force generated when the shell is fired. As the pellets (or shot column) proceed down the barrel, the collar also cuts down much of the flattening caused by the abrasive action of the barrel wall and it keeps the barrel cleaner by reducing leading. When the pellets leave the barrel, the collar keeps them together in a compact mass for an extra instant—just long enough to insure a straighter and truer pattern than ever before. The collar, which is slit down one side, then falls away.

Sportsmen who use a full-choke shotgun to shoot ducks, geese and trap will find that the collar increases the density of the shot pattern (measured by the number of pellets counted inside a 30-inch circle) up to 10% within the shell's range. It also increases the shell's effective, or killing, range by shortening the shot string (the length of the shot column, from first to last pellet, during flight), thus allowing more pellets to hit the target. The tighter patterns made possible by the collar will especially benefit trapshooters who fire at clay targets from handicap distances. Even upland shooters who generally prefer guns with less choke (they allow a more widely spread shot pattern) for grouse, quail and woodcock will find that the collar reduces irregularities in their patterns.

The Mark 5 shotshell is available in standard 12-gauge; 12-, 16- and 20-gauge magnums; and heavy 12 gauge trap loads, at no extra cost to the shooter.

—DUNCAN BARNES

The cool one for the torrid months ahead



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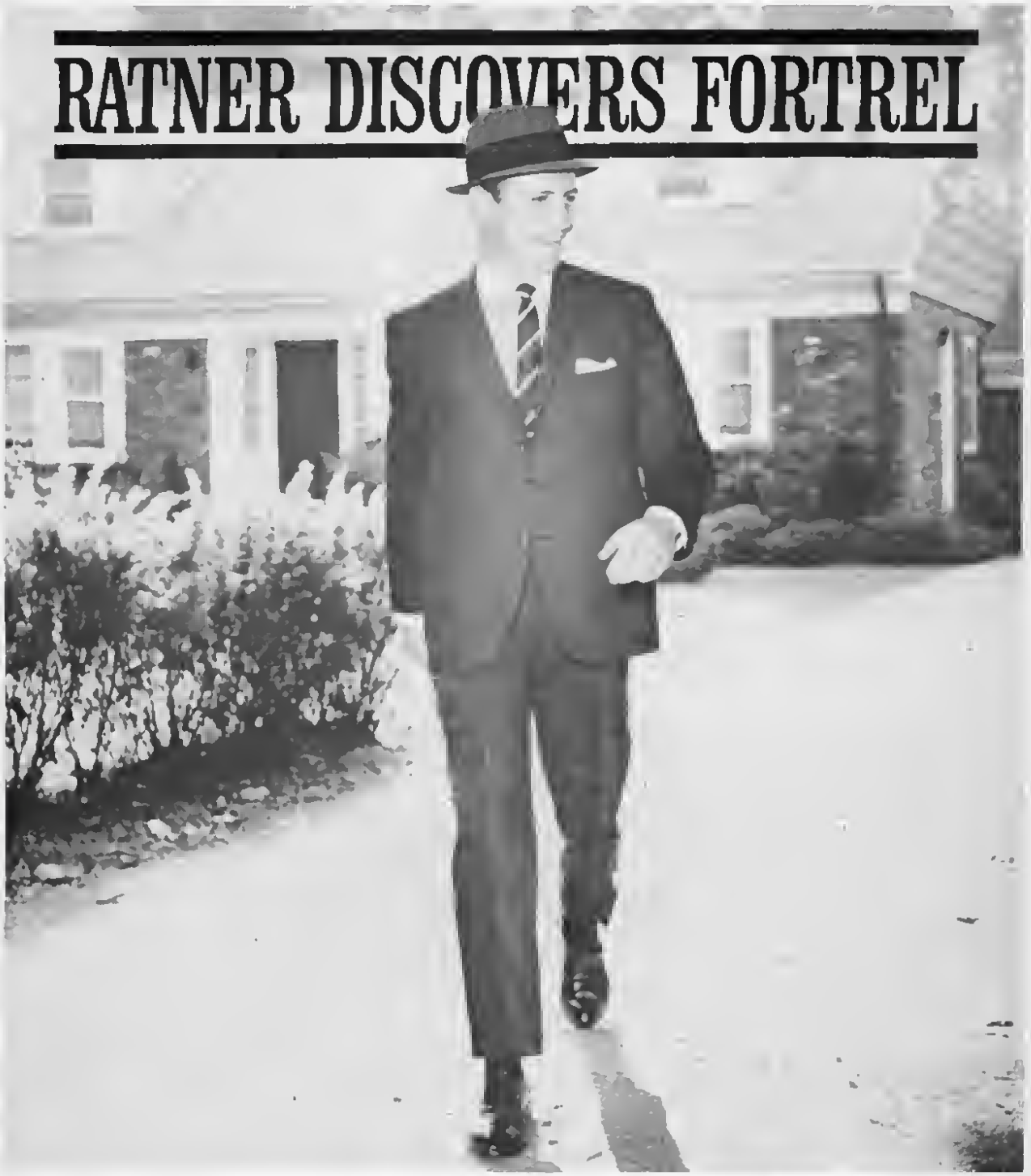


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M3



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D1



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SCORECARD

OLD QUESTION, SAME ANSWER

The idea began to trouble the young girl golfer five years ago, perhaps when a sporting goods firm offered her some free equipment, or when a well-heeled, well-meaning Seattle duffer suggested she take $1,000 under the table. Last December, after long study, Anne Quast Decker, women's national amateur golf champion, framed her conclusion in a letter to the United States Golf Association. Her precise, schoolteacher prose was effective enough to move the USGA last week to circulation of a 1,300-word reply to her proposals.

"Why would it be wrong," she had asked the USGA, "for an amateur to accept money for expenses entailed in *going to a tournament*?" The USGA rule against such expense accounts, she said, "adds an additional requirement [beyond playing for fun] for being an amateur: substantial means . . . to pay for the pleasure of playing in tournaments."

"Should the possession of money be a requirement of an amateur for competing in tournaments?" she asked.

The USGA reply restated its position that "fair competition will not be assured if amateurs are permitted to accept expense money. . . ." It cited the possible development of "golf tramps," held that those who now cheat would continue to cheat [and more easily], remarked the impossibility of establishing fair expense standards, and observed that only top amateurs would be able to get expense money, driving out lesser players who nevertheless get fun out of competition.

Our only comment would be to cite the experience of Earl (Butch) Buchholz, just returned from his first professional tennis tour and as yet unconvinced that professional tennis players make more money than some amateurs. In one old Italian town, he said, he was eliminated in the first round, and his pay for that tournament was thereby a mere $158. Later in the week, playing in an amateur tournament in the same town, Italy's top amateur, Nicola Pietrangeli, lost his first-round match to Ronnie Barnes of Brazil but still picked up $500, his guarantee for just being there.

"I'm a professional," Buchholz observed, "and Pietrangeli is an amateur, but *I drive an MG and Nicky drives a Ferrari.*"

TEMPEST IN A BEAN POT

A certain sensitivity to bookmaking allegations has been noticeable in Boston ever since CBS-TV photographed clients and cops entering a Massachusetts Avenue bookie joint which was disguised as a key-repair shop. It was as if the Old Howard burlesque house had reopened with fanfare instead of with circumspection. Bostonians were embarrassed.

So when, in the course of ballyhoo for the limited middleweight title bout between Bostonian Paul Pender and Britisher Terry Downes (April 7), it was published that Downes was proprietor of seven London bookmaking shops there was a good deal of political comment —mostly on the order of "Harrumph! Well, now, harrumph!"

With practiced dispatch the Massachusetts boxing commission passed the buck to the state attorney general, who was confronted with the fact that Section 42, Chapter 271 of Massachusetts law forbids "wagering or selling pools on a boxing match." That, in fact, was just what Downes was doing—although he very decently refused to accept wagers on himself and, most likely, even laid off bets on Pender with someone like London's boss bookmaker, Billy Hill.

"My betting shops have been instructed to take wagers only on Paul Pender," Downes said. "The price is 5 to 4. I can't take bets on myself because I don't expect to lose."

In due course the attorney general's office handed down a ruling. It was a sensible solution. Summed up, it said: "If he's legal in London, he's legal here."

APRÈS-MIDI D'UN BISNOP

In Austria's tiny Alpine country, big game is more closely protected and hunting seasons more carefully regulated than in any other country where hunting flourishes as a full-scale tourist attraction. In fact the only species still hunted there without a license (although a winter season is quite strictly observed) is the ski instructor. This, too, may change, if Innsbruck's Catholic Bishop Dr. Paul Rusch has his way.

At a clerical conference in the town of Tutzing the other day, His Excellency noted that the country boys around Kitzbuhel were being run to earth by big-city girls who were more interested in *après* than in *ski*. The situation had turned so bad that some of the neighboring towns passed regulations prohibiting ski instructors from entering bars and inns. But this, said the bishop, would not be enough. Something else must be done to protect the ski instructors from the predatory ladies. The assembled clergy agreed, but none had any immediate suggestions.

Somebody better have one before the opening of the 1964 Winter Olympics, which will be held in Innsbruck, Bishop Rusch's own district.

GUIDE TO THE MASTERS

After weeks of thoughtful consideration Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder, Las Vegas' leading oddsmaker, has come up with his line on the Masters (*see page 28*) and has installed Arnold Palmer as favorite at 8 to 1. Jimmy's other leading choices: Doug Sanders, 12 to 1; Sam Snead, Gary Player, Jay Hebert, Billy Casper Jr., Art Wall Jr., each 15 to 1. Longest shot in the 45 players outside the field is a tie between Bruce Crampton and Mario Gonzales, each at 50 to 1.

NO EGGHEADS NEED APPLY

The notion that the Peace Corps primarily attracts eggheads is prevalent, and it is also untrue. The corps has, in fact, made some recent acquisitions from the sports world and is looking for more. Consider the following:

Sam Fox, now 41, onetime Ohio State end who also played for the New York Giants and probably holds the NFL record, if there is one, for catching the shortest touchdown pass—four inches. He will be a corps representative in the Near East, possibly Turkey.

John Hohl, 37, of Pitman, N.J., who used to be a professional hunter in British East Africa and Kenya. He will serve as field representative on a team building roads in Tanganyika.

Bob Bates, 51, ski coach at Phillips Exeter Academy, who led two expeditions that tried to climb 28,250-foot K-2

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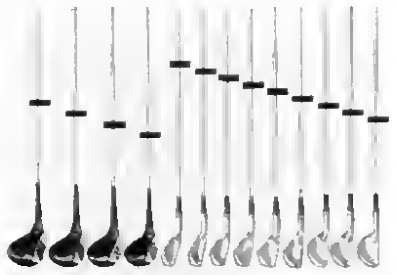

See how the shaft flexes to generate added club head speed just before impact. New Wilson Staff clubs are first to match the flex-action of every shaft to the head weight of each club in a set. Now, every golfer can have greater control, better feel with every shot. This strobe-sequence photo made with each flash at one-millionth (1/1,000,000) sec. by Edgerton, Germeshausen & Grier, Inc., Boston, Mass.
Place a straight sheet of paper along the shaft to see how much the shaft flexes.

WILSON MAKES GOLF SHAFT HISTORY

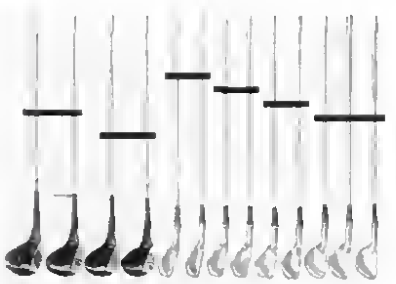
1962 Wilson Staff clubs are first with every shaft matched in flex-action to the weight of its club head

This startling photograph (opposite) of the flex-action of a Wilson Staff-Pro shaft is a clue to this year's best news for golfers. News of a history-making improvement in golf shafts, introduced by the Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

This new and proven concept in golf shafts is engineered to provide every golfer with uniform feel—to help him achieve consistently good timing—to help him hit the ball at the same instant during every swing with every club face in proper hitting position.



First truly matched set. See how the shaft-flex point steps down on each club as head weight increases. Proof that only Wilson Staff-Pro shafts are engineered to compensate for the difference in club head weights within a set.



"Ordinary" half-matched sets. Diagram shows how identical shafts are fitted to more than one club head. Although head weights vary, shaft action does not. No more than half these shafts can match the weight of their club heads.

Flex-action of shaft related to head weight

In every set of "matched" clubs, the club heads increase in weight as they increase in loft. The 1962 Wilson Staff woods and irons have shafts precisely engineered so that *every* shaft has its flex-action matched to the specific weight of its club head.

This is demonstrated in the photograph (opposite). It is one of a series of high speed photos taken of golf shafts in action. Each photograph shows how this sensitive shaft flex-action is directly related to the head weight of every club.

"Ordinary" golf sets only half-matched

No other golf club manufacturer has engineered such precise control of the flex-action in *every* shaft. Fact is, no more than half the shafts in other sets are truly matched to their club heads. They're only half-matched—a big reason for those sour-swinging clubs golfers complain about.

Examine the new Wilson Staff woods and irons at your golf professional shop. Look for the black rings that mark the individual flex-step on each of these history-making new shafts. See how the black rings step down on each shaft as the weight of each club head increases.

Swing every club. Then trade-in your half-matched set for the new Wilson Staff woods and irons. Be first in your foursome to get the feeling of a truly matched set.



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Pepperell cottons



SCORECARD *continued*

in Pakistan. He will be representative on a Nepalese vocational teaching team.

Robert Poole, 30, football and baseball coach at Taft Prep, who was a Yale halfback, Rugby player and middleweight boxing champion. He is assigned to an Ethiopian teaching project as field representative.

Right now the corps is looking for fishing experts to develop commercial fishing in Venezuela, Togo and Sierra Leone. The latter two areas also need someone to teach them how to keep outboard motors in repair. But no eggheads, please.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Brookmeade Stable, left ownerless when Isabel Dodge Sloane died March 9, will be sold this summer. If executors of Mrs. Sloane's estate do not accept a package-deal bid, of which three have already come in (one for a flat $3 million), the entire racing and breeding stock, together with the Upperville, Va. farm, will go before public auction.

• Cuba will participate in the Caribbean Games. Expect an all-out bid by Castro's athletes to sweep up gold medals the way Russia does in the Olympics.

• Frank Gifford, who suffered severe head injuries in 1960, has received medical clearance and will play next season for the New York Giants, but as a flanker back or flanker end, not as a running back.

• Prospects that Peter Snell of New Zealand and Jim Beatty of the U.S. will meet in the mile improved somewhat when Snell last week canceled a European tour in order to run in Los Angeles on May 16, in the Modesto Relays May 26 and, possibly, the Compton Relays meet on June 1.

• After four years of shifting like a light bay breeze, Boston Banker Chandler Hovey will allow his superb 12-meter *Easternet* to be raced in earnest as an America's Cup contender. He has put ashore the coveys of Hoveys who used to swarm over her graceful stern and has turned over the boat—together with a blank check for equipment—to Master Helmsman George O'Day (SI, April 22, 1961) and *Easternet*'s designer, Ray Hunt, himself a formidable racing tactician.

ROUGH GAME, RUGBY

After the seventh straight win of their current North American tour (over the University of British Columbia), the

continued

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But the *Corning Ware Electromatic* does so much more. The skillet dish can go into your broiler for quick top-browning. (It can go into dishwashers, too.) The base is a convenient plate-or-bun warmer, and a quick wipe cleans it.

The reason for all this? The *Corning Ware Electromatic Skillet* is made of space-age Pyroceram®, an incredibly hard and smooth material that remains unaffected by extremes of heat or cold, odors or flavors. Small wonder it's such a highly prized present. $29.95

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Engineer Uhlenhaut, Director of the passenger car testing department

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Photographed near Munich on a Holiday Abroad via SABENA Intercontinental Jet



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ARROW®

New Zealand Universities All-Star Rugby team adjourned to the palatial home of Ronald Graham, Vancouver millionaire, who had invited them in for refreshments.

Next morning Mrs. Graham assayed the damage of a party that had been a smash success. There were 60 shattered glasses (her finest), a wrecked tea wagon (cherished wedding gift), a demolished iron swimming pool rail, floors stained with beans and hamburgers, and a pie-stained mirror that had been a dead-on target for a fruity heave-ho. Beer bottles and glasses drifted about the indoor pool.

Furthermore, the butler was brooding, not so much about the mess as about insults he had endured after the guests discovered his Prussian lineage. "They pushed me around," he said, "and called me a bloody German. They complained about the hamburgers and beans and threw them about the place. They insulted the Grahams, their home and their food. I have never seen such a disgraceful exhibition by invited guests *before in my life.*"

What we'd like to see is a match between the New Zealanders and our own Fort Lauderdale All-Stars, now swinging in that student-beleaguered Florida town.

SIMPLE SOLUTION

Frank Sandy, a Hungarian visiting teacher, turned up four months ago in Heber City, a tiny town in Utah's Wasatch Mountains. He was "sick and tired," he said, of hearing that American kids aren't fit. All they need, he said, is leadership. The principal agreed to let him work on boys and girls seven to 11 years old. Sixteen weeks later the youngsters were scoring some 200's on the "White House test," doing 20 chin-ups, 40 push-ups, Swedish one-hand push-ups, tumbling, and walking 40 to 50 feet on their hands.

THEY SAID IT

• Clemson Football Coach Frank Howard analyzing one of his players after first full-scale spring scrimmage: "He's not near as noticeable doing nothing this year as he was last season."

• Former Yankee Pitcher Vernon (Lefty) Gomez describing his brief experience as a minor league manager: "We lost 14 straight. Then we had a game rained out and it felt so good we threw a victory dinner." **END**



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Sports Illustrated

APRIL 2, 1962

THE DEADLY INSULT

by GILBERT ROGIN

Challenger Emile Griffith, infuriated by a taunt from Welterweight Champion Benny Paret, destroyed him in the ring



AT THE BRUTAL, SHOCKING END, BERSERK GRIFFITH BULLED PARET AGAINST

There was a faint tattoo, as insubstantial as a shadow, on Benny (Kid) Paret's left biceps—a sentimental composition of hearts and flowers with the legend, "True Love"; a souvenir of some happy hour. Until the bleak, early hours last Sunday morning, there was no True Love between Paret, who was the welterweight champion of the world, and Emile Griffith, who now is. Under intolerably distressing and lamentable circumstances, Emile had taken the title from Paret. He had knocked him out in the 12th round with a terrible succession of uppercuts and hooks, had watched him leave the ring in Madison Square Garden unconscious on a stretcher, high white shoes first, their gaudy candy-striped laces untied. And Griffith was seized with the common sorrow and natural compassion of decent men.

"I hope he isn't hurt," Griffith said in his dressing room. "I pray to God—I say from my heart—he's all right."



TURNBUCKLES AND HIT HIM WITH NEARLY TWO DOZEN PUNCHES BEFORE DISTRAUGHT REFEREE GOLDSTEIN COULD STOP THE FIGHT

Charles Hoff—Daily News

Paret, alas, was not all right. He was near death in Roosevelt Hospital. He had been given last rites by a priest who was bitter at what he called the ultimate immorality of prizefighting. Paret's brain, that soft, vulnerable instrument, was hemorrhaging, and at 12:30 a.m. Sunday he was operated on to relieve the enormous pressure of blood collecting under the brain lining.

The force of Griffith's uppercuts had, presumably, driven the blood back toward the rear of Paret's skull: the force of Griffith's hooks made the brain reverberate against the skull, which moves more quickly than the brain. This jouncing caused many of Paret's cranial blood vessels to break. The brain lining is so tight that when blood collects it exerts tremendous pressure on the brain, eventually causing death. To relieve pressure and evacuate the blood, Paret's doctors drilled holes in the skull (in similar fashion, when blood collects under a finger-

continued

nail, a hole is drilled in the nail). If the brain is badly bruised, or lacerated, however, the blood clots accumulate again and the patient dies.

In his heyday, Benny (Kid) Paret was a cocky little man who favored bright, heavy jewelry, but he once cut sugar cane for $2 a day in the fields of Santa Clara, Cuba, where he was born. He acquired a wife, Lucy, produced a son, Benny Jr., 2, bought a 1962 Eldorado Cadillac and a 1962 Thunderbird. He had 49 fights, he won 34. He was not a notably hard hitter or a consummate boxer, but he had never given ground or given up. His manager, Manny Alfaro, said that Paret, 25 years old, had planned to retire after this fight with Griffith. Alfaro said Benny had gotten what he wanted. All that was unfulfilled was his wish to become an American citizen.

It was a fight marked with episodes of anger and resentment—butts, surly shoves, low blows and milling after the bell. The bad blood had its origin in an incident during the weigh-in for the second Griffith-Paret fight last September —they had three bouts in all—in which Paret won a highly regrettable split decision. Smiling fatuously as they posed for the photographers at the scales, Paret had blithely cursed Griffith in Spanish. Griffith vowed that if Paret ever taunted him again in this manner he would fight him then and there. Saturday morning, when they weighed in for the third fight, Paret did.

As before, Paret called Griffith *maricón*, gutter Spanish for homosexual. It is the most vulgar epithet in that violent idiom and is particularly galling to Griffith, who has a piping voice, wears extravagantly tight clothes, has designed women's hats and is, ordinarily, a charming, affectionate kid. Griffith told Benny to "shut up." Paret laid a gratuitous, slighting hand on Emile's back. "Keep your hands off me, Paret," snarled Griffith.

The fires Paret had lit in Griffith were banked as he entered the ring Saturday night, but they were not banked very deep. Griffith won the first five rounds on all the cards, though his attempts to finish off Paret were repulsed by flurries of body punches. But towards the end of the sixth round, Benny caught Griffith with a long left hook and dropped him along the ropes. Griffith got up at the count of eight, steadying himself by holding onto the ropes. Referee Ruby Goldstein had to pry his hand loose.

Emile retaliated with spirit in the last moments of that round and again during the seventh, but Paret took the eighth. Emile appeared drowsy and listless, as though he had not fully recovered from the knockdown. In the 10th, however, Griffith hit Paret with a smart right hand, his most effective weapon throughout, and a classy one-two which drove The Kid into the ropes. There Emile hit him some 30 times without opposition. At one time during this barrage, Paret slid down, as though to sit on the second strand. If Griffith had backed off for a moment, it was conceivable that Paret would have fallen. Griffith's punches and Paret's stubborn resolution were all that were propping him up. Emile didn't step back, and Benny survived.

A remorseless fusillade

The 11th was a reverie to no purpose. The 12th began in the same fashion, the fighters locked in each other's arms, punching drably. Suddenly, Emile battered Paret into a neutral corner with a plangent right. This time Griffith was resolved to finish him. He began belaboring the suffering Paret with right uppercuts, one after another, an unrelenting fusillade, Emile's hand banging against Benny's jaw as remorselessly as the clapper of a great, dark bell. Paret sagged back against the middle turnbuckle. Griffith's punches drove his head out between the top and middle strands.

Benny was helpless, bleeding from his nose and a cut on his right cheek; his puffed eyes were closed. Still Griffith punched him, with mounting and maniacal rage, as though determined, literally, to wipe out both Paret and the memory of his taunt. There were, in all, about 15 uppercuts, followed by several hooks. Then Referee Goldstein was tugging at Griffith from behind, pulling him off. As Emile, berserk, struggling passionately in Goldstein's embrace, was dragged away, Paret, now obviously senseless, crumpled slowly and collapsed. The doctors fluttered into the ring and crouched about him like ravens.

"When I saw Paret hurt," Griffith said later, "I want him to be on the ground before the fight was stopped. I wanted to keep punching. I was still eager to put him down. I thought he [Goldstein] was just breaking us." Emile kept touching his temple with his small, slender hand and shaking his head in the confusion of seeking a logical explanation for what had been irrational, emotional behavior.

Later there was criticism of Referee Goldstein. Why hadn't he stopped the fight when it was obvious that Paret was unable to defend himself—was, indeed, absolutely beaten? But Paret had a history of enduring great punishment—as he did in the 10th round—and then, seemingly out, returning fire. "I felt I did the right thing last night," Goldstein said the next day, "and I feel the same way about it today. Sometimes things don't turn out right afterwards. I knew Paret as a tough fellow."

In the first fight between Griffith and Paret, last April in Miami Beach, Emile knocked Benny out in the 13th round, winning the title for the first time. Unlike the subsequent two bouts, it had a particularly appealing and gratifying ending. After Paret had taken the count, reclining moodily on his side as though he were a guest at a Roman dinner party, Griffith embraced the startled referee and turned exuberant somersaults. His mother, a hefty, emotional woman whom Emile kids behind her broad back by calling her Chubby Checker, danced intently about the ring. He is as ingenuous as a child; Co-manager Howard Albert has to take the chewing gum out of his mouth when he falls asleep, turn off the television and radio.

The conclusion of the second fight last September demonstrated the other half of the child-man that is Emile Griffith, 23 years of age. Although Managers Gil Clancy and Howard Albert ranted and fumed about the decision, Griffith took the bad news commendably. He went over to shake Benny's hand while Paret was sitting on his handlers' shoulders, and walked briskly, nifty as ever, to his dressing room, head high. What perturbed him most was that he had let his fans down and that so many had booed him. "As long as I can move these two hands," he said then, "I'll make them like me."

In his dressing room Griffith said to Manager Albert: "Howie, you know we win it. I know I win it. Come on, let's zoom out of here." And to Mrs. Griffith: "Ah, take it easy, Mommy. Don't make me feel like a heel." He looked at two little boys, twins, who had come to visit him and who were waiting politely on the bench beside the dressing room door. "Gentlemen, let's go," Griffith said. "Twins, lead the way!"

Before his September loss, Griffith was simply and keenly delighted to be champion. "I'm so glad I'm champion of the world," he said. "I can give Chubby

Checker what my father couldn't give her." Emile's father died several years ago, and Emile has had to support his mother and seven younger brothers and sisters, whom, as the money earned in fights over five years came in, he brought one after another to New York from his native Virgin Islands. Emile recently bought a house for "his" family (his mother gave him a flashy bracelet in return), where, for the first time in his life, he had a room of his own. "My own room!" he exulted. "Boy, am I happy. But I bet my brother Guillermo—he's my favorite, he's 11—will sleep with me. He kisses me on the cheek when he thinks I'm sleeping, to make up for the bad things he does during the day. He's so funny."

Emile, whom his mother calls Junior (he calls himself Little Griff), was a bad boy in his day, too. When he was seven, Mrs. Griffith, who didn't think him very funny, tied him to the bedpost with her stockings so he couldn't swim out to dive for pennies, when the cruise ships came to St. Thomas. Emile speaks respectfully of her "heavy hand" and a miniature baseball bat she wielded "on the soft parts" when he fought with one of his brothers. In more considered moments, he is determined to send this brother through law school.

Emile has great style with children, who loyally and delightedly follow him about. He also calls himself The Pied Piper. One small fan, Alvin Senter, holds up signs reading "Emile Griffith for President" at his fights. "Senter's too bold at times," says Griffith. Another small, but slightly older, fan, a pretty singer named Ce'Vara, whom Emile fell shyly in love with when they did jigsaw puzzles together at his training camp, has an even higher opinion of Griffith. She has given him a picture of herself. It is inscribed: "1. God. 2. Earth. 3. Emile." "Did you ever meet anyone with size 2 shoes?" asks Emile, astonished.

Griffith's co-manager, Howard Albert, is a successful milliner and Griffith has, on occasion, designed hats for him. His most notable creation was a number decorated with 13 roses. "We had a whole season on it!" Howard says, proudly. Now Griffith works in the hat factory as a kind of foreman and troubleshooter.

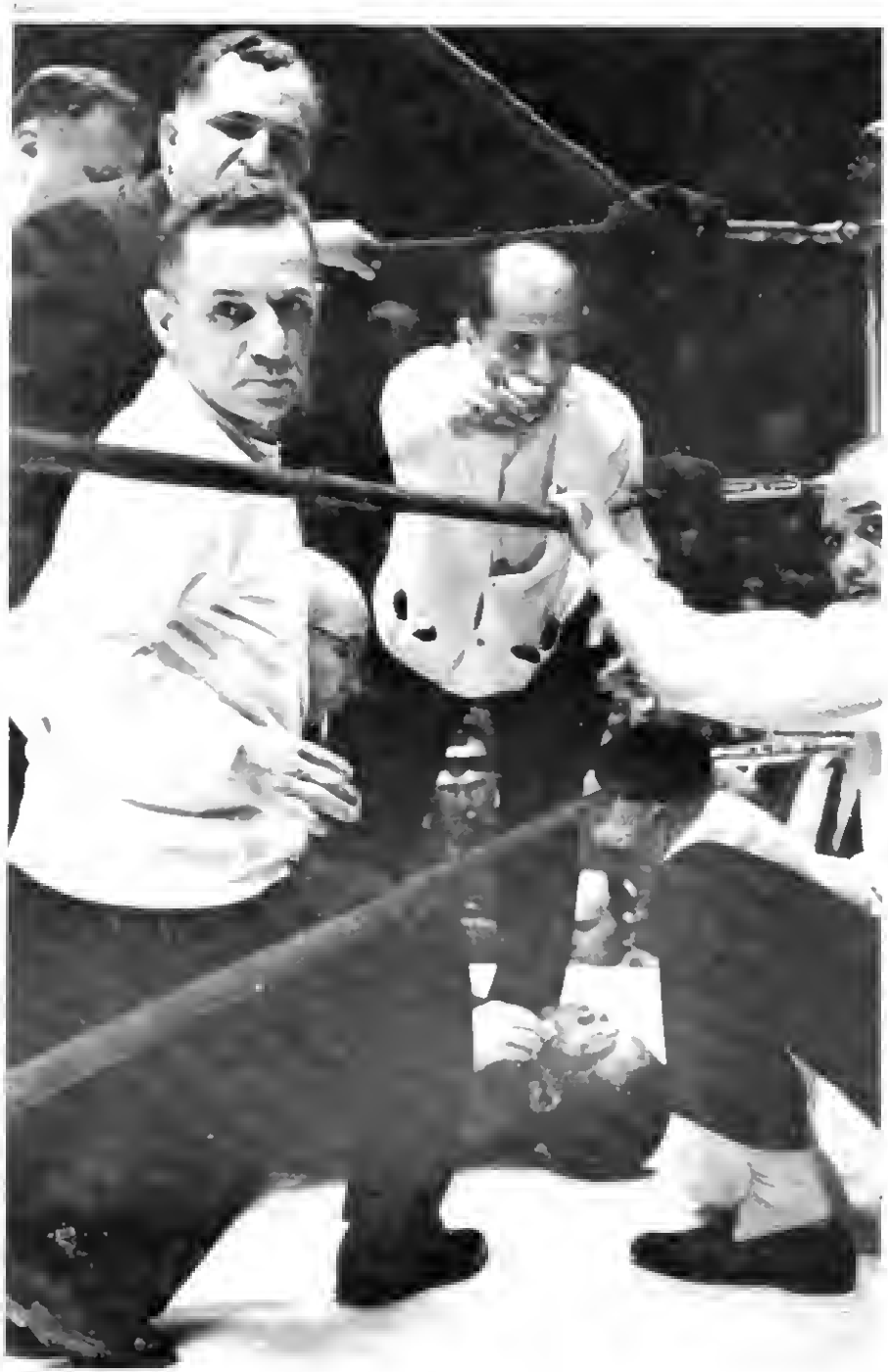
Albert, Clancy and Griffith are, according to Emile, much like the Three Musketeers or, rather, the Three Stooges. "We have a lot of fun together," Griffith says. "We're always planning to do something to each of us. Whatever we do, the three of us do together. I buy a continental suit—strictly continental. Howard buys the same suit. I invest in a mutual fund, Howard and Gil invest in the same fund. Clancy and I play ping-pong a few hours before each of my fights. People think we're cracking sometimes, we do the craziest things. The day before one fight Gil and I raced up Ninth Avenue—in the snow."

"I won," says Clancy.

"A close decision," says Emile.

"In the 12-yard dash," says Clancy, "I'm unbeatable."

It is, obviously, no longer a season for crazy things and the 12-yard dash. The despised Paret is forgiven and mourned by Griffith, child of misfortune, a naïf perhaps burdened now with more manhood than he can endure. And Goldstein, at 54, is locked in his implacable torment: the frailty of man, the agony of hindsight. Consider these, who have to contend with their terrible responsibilities, as well as The Kid. **END**



AN ANXIOUS FEAR shakes Paret's handlers as they lift their eyes from the seriously injured fighter and call for a stretcher to come



There are lots of rookies this year—tall ones, short ones, young ones and even a very old one. Best of all, there are a lot of talented ones, some of whom may have an important effect on the pennant races

BIG YEAR

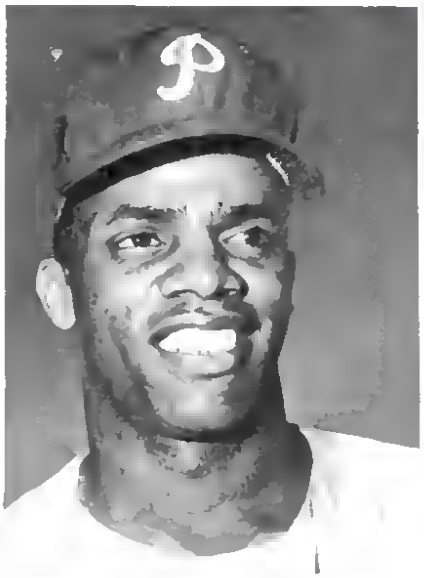
Spring is a time for rookies, and this spring there were more rookies in the training camps of Florida, Arizona and California than ever before. And for a simple reason: there were more training camps than ever before. Added teams mean added jobs, a "rookies' market."

To make the supply equal the demand, all shapes and sizes of rookies showed up this spring. There were rookies with long names like Risenhoover and Monteagudo, and rookies with short names like Pate and Cook. There were tall rookies —Tom Parsons is 6 feet 7— and short rookies—Sandy Valdespino is 5 feet 8. There was Gary Sanossian, 17, born just a few weeks before D day, and Diomedes Olivo, God bless him, who is 42. (Olivo, a longtime hero in his native Dominican Republic, has pitched well for Pittsburgh this spring and has a good chance of making the team.) There was even a rookie named John Kennedy; naturally, he is on the Washington roster.

There also were some rookies who may play decisive roles in this year's pennant races. Ray Washburn (*left*) of the St. Louis Cardinals, for example. Washburn is a husky 23-year-old right-handed pitcher, a bright, clean-cut-looking boy who graduated from Whitworth College in Spokane in 1960. Soon after graduation he was spotted by a Cardinal scout while pitching in a college tournament in Iowa. The scout asked Washburn to try out in front of the Cardinals and Washburn agreed.

The Cardinals were scheduled to play a night game in Pittsburgh when Washburn arrived. He pitched batting practice that evening and gave the St. Louis batters fits. "Who's that guy?" Bob Nieman asked. Somebody told him. "Well, sign him up and pitch him tonight," Nieman said.

The Cardinals did sign Washburn, and to a $40,000 bonus, but they assigned him to Rochester. Last year with Charleston his record was 16–9 with a 2.34 ERA. Late in the season he was brought up to the Cardinals, where he won one and lost a 2–1 game on a vociferously disputed balk. This spring Washburn has looked strong, and Manager Johnny Keane discusses



PHILLIE OUTFIELDER SAVAGE



DODGER SECOND BASEMAN BURRIGHT



YANKEE SHORTSTOP LINZ

FOR THE ROOKIES

by WALTER BINGHAM

him as if he were already an established 20-game winner. If Washburn comes through as planned it will make the Cardinal pitching staff, already strong, the best in the National League.

Larry Burright is another rookie who could affect the National League pennant race. Burright is a 24-year-old second baseman with the Los Angeles Dodgers. He ranges widely, especially to his right, is fast on the double-play pivot, has a strong arm and is a singles hitter.

Perhaps Burright's prime asset is his eagerness. "He's the first one to the breakfast table, the first on the field and the last one off," says Coach Pete Reiser. "He's alert and intelligent." He also was leading the team in hitting through most of spring training.

If Burright can play second base, he will give the Dodgers—along with Shortstop Maury Wills—a stable double-play combination on a team that cries out for stability. Without him the Dodger infield, with no accomplished first or third basemen, will be completely unsettled, perhaps too much so to win the pennant.

Ted Savage will not be involved in any pennant race this year because he will play right field for the Philadelphia Phillies. Savage, who is 25, graduated from Lincoln University in Missouri with a bachelor of science degree and for the past few winters he has taught school. Savage is also a basketball player of such quality that he was drafted by the St. Louis Hawks. "I think I had a good chance to make the team," he says, "but I pulled a leg muscle during the tryouts. I still hope to play professional basketball someday."

He is a free swinger, what his manager at Buffalo described as a "rattlesnake hitter." A rattlesnake hitter, as Kerby Farrell explains it, is someone who will look just awful on the same pitch twice in a row. The pitcher shrugs his shoulders, throws the same pitch a third time and the rattlesnake hitter hits it out of the park. Savage won the International League batting title last year with a .325 average. Near the end of the season Farrell suggested that Savage might pick up a few hits by bunting. Savage declined. "I want to win this thing my way," he told Farrell. The Phillies can use a man with pride.

In the American League two rookies—Tom Tresh and Phil Linz—each hope to become the Yankee shortstop, at least until Tony Kubek returns from service. Tresh is the son of Mike Tresh, a former catcher with the White Sox. "I just can't remember the time when I didn't have a baseball in my hands," Tom Tresh says. "My folks have movies taken when I was 2 years old which show me throwing a ball around our apartment in Chicago."

Tresh is now 23, 6 feet 1 and solidly built. Last year he hit .315 at Richmond, for which he was named Rookie of the Year in the International League.

Phil Linz is 22 and is built along the same lines as Tresh. He wears steel-rimmed glasses when playing ball and recently he decided to wear them off the field, too. In spite of trouble with his eyes, Linz hit .349 with Amarillo to lead the Texas League last year.

So far this spring Tresh and Linz have shared the shortstop job *without noticeably affecting the efficiency of the Yankee* machine. There are those who believe the Yankees could win the pennant without a shortstop.

The Baltimore Orioles, a team that hopes to be a contender, have come up with a baby giant named John Wesley Powell, nicknamed "Boog." Powell is only 20 but he stands 6 feet 4 and weighs 235 pounds. A left-hand-hitting left fielder, he batted .321 with Rochester last year and showed plenty of power. His only problem seems to be an inability to catch fly balls, but minor details like that have never kept a long-ball hitter out of the major leagues. Powell will make it, and so, probably, will Mike Hershberger, Joe Horlen, Bob Rodgers, Dick Radatz, Ty Cline, Ken Hubbs, Lou Brock, Cliff Cook and Bob Veale, all of them good prospects, all of them looking a little better than they really are because of the seller's market in the rookie business. Any one of them could be outstanding. But baseball is an unpredictable game, and it's just possible that the Rookie of the Year will be old Diomedes Olivo. That would be nice. **END**

For two dismal years David Lester Freed, a Salt Lake City businessman, served as nonplaying captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team. His captaincy marked a new low in U.S. Davis Cup fortunes. Twice in a row his teams failed to reach the challenge round—a "perfect" record of 0 for 2. Yet it is to Freed's great credit that, in spite of considerable journalistic outcry at this debacle, he made no alibi for a tennis situation that was not of his making.

Freed has now stepped aside as cup captain (in favor of Robert Joseph Kelleher of Beverly Hills, Calif.), but as secretary of the United States Lawn Tennis Association he still occupies a position of power and influence in tennis. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *is pleased to provide him space in which to say what he thinks is wrong with the game he serves so loyally.*

OUR LAST DAVIS CUP CAPTAIN CALLS FOR OPEN TENNIS

by DAVID L. FREED

Spectator tennis is dying. The pulse is weak and growing weaker. And as it approaches the last gap some who should be reaching for the resuscitator are more concerned with pinpointing blame than effecting a cure.

Who inflicted the near-mortal wound simply isn't identifiable. More, he—or they—are no longer important. The body is still warm. There's a chance for recovery. For the moment, anyway, let the culprits run free, and let's save the patient. Once spectator tennis is restored to vigorous good health, there will be time enough for recriminations. Right now there isn't.

For tennis the days are desperate; the odds against recovery are long. But there *is* a chance, and the time has come to take some first steps.

Foremost, all together now: let's pull our heads out of the sand and *admit* spectator tennis is dying. In 1960 I saw a stand erected at a cost of $30,000 virtually empty for a Davis Cup Challenge Round. And the stand was in Australia, the most rabid nation yet on the subject of tennis. The Challenge Round is the best show amateur tennis can present, Australia is the place to present it—for maximum fervor. When you don't get a full house there, you won't get one anywhere. Let's stop waiting for the miracle—or, more specifically, the miracle man. Even if he comes along he'll turn pro within a year or two.

It wasn't always thus, of course. But the jetliner wasn't always a fact either. Times change, and tennis has to change with them, or perish.

It's comforting to know that sales of tennis rackets and tennis balls increase each year. That means people are interested in tennis and enjoy playing it. They also enjoy having their children play it. It's a great participation sport, and becoming greater.

Why not then, some ask, let it die as a spectator sport?

Why not, indeed!

Let's settle that point quickly. I could invoke the spirits of such as Bill Tilden and Suzanne Lenglen and I could make a dramatic argument for the spectator thrills of bygone days. But that's not argument enough.

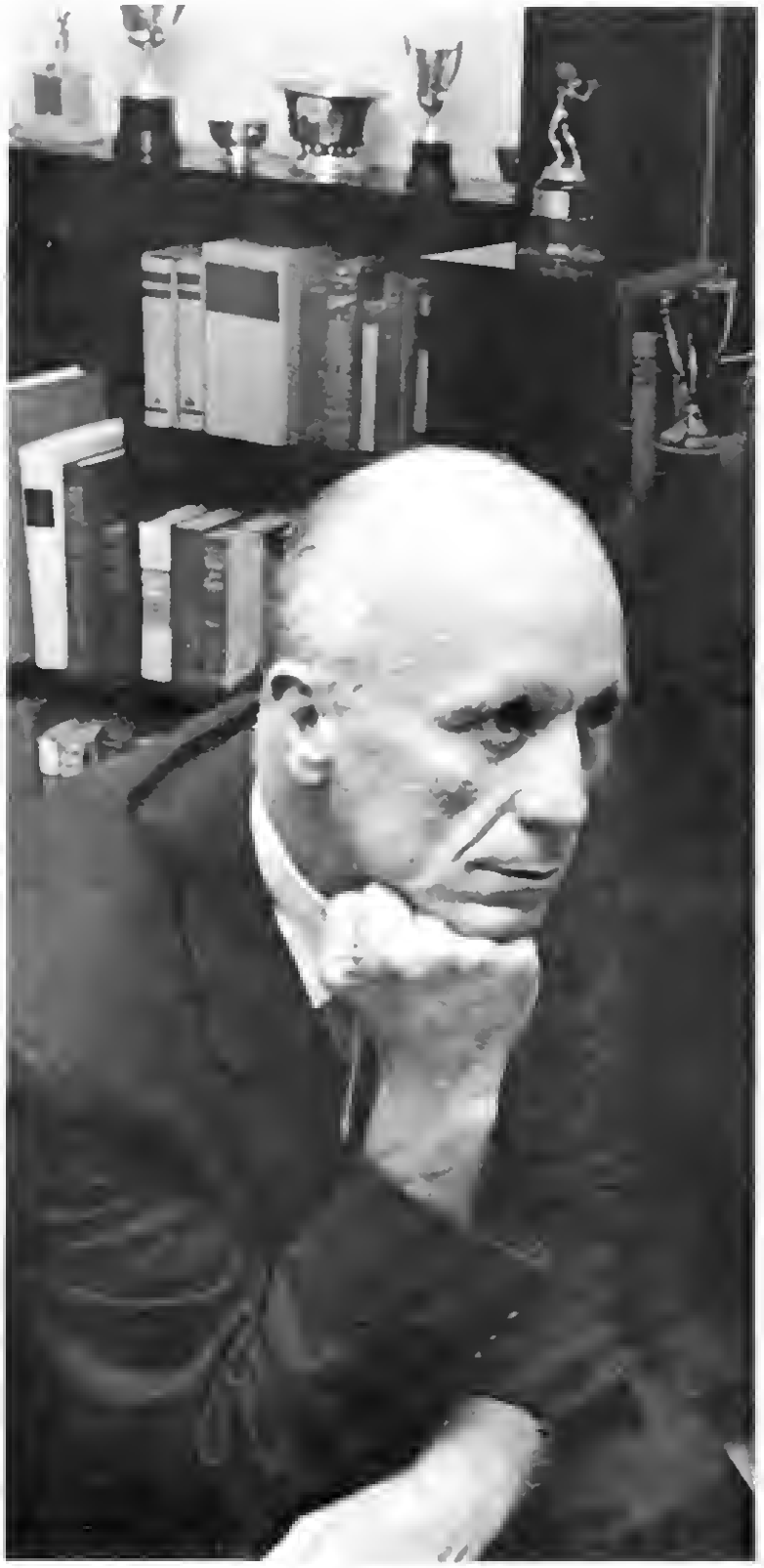
This is: the big moneymaking events supply the lifeblood of tennis. Little League, junior development programs, Junior Davis Cup competition, the colorful publicity and a myriad of other activities that draw youngsters to the sport can be supported—and expanded—only if tennis, somewhere along the line, makes money.

An injection of long green can do wonders for what ails tennis, and the long green won't be there in sufficient quantity if tennis doesn't provide a show worth going to see.

Which brings me to the inevitable recommendation: sanction open tennis. Let the professional troupes provide the colorful name players, the USLTA the facilities and tournament know-how. And let's clamp a reasonable limit on the number of open tournaments, for if they become as prolific, say, as Jack Kramer's professional tours, they will succumb—eventually—to a similar affliction: rusty turnstiles.

That's a big step—open tennis. I am not blind to sincere opposition, solidly entrenched both in the U.S. and abroad, to the merest suggestion that simon-pure tennis should sully itself through unseemly association with the nasty old pros. I concede that no one has yet come up with a completely workable plan for open tournaments, and if anyone expects me to have one under my hat he is doomed to disappointment. But I am persuaded that, once granted the right by the International Lawn Tennis Federation to hold an open tournament, reasonable men, who have much to gain, can sit down and work out the details.

There are facts to be faced—facts which do not melt away simply because the carpers and the feuders and the dispensers of gratuitous advice object to them. One fact is the hypocrisy in amateur tennis. Another is the increasing elusiveness of the Davis Cup and international tennis trophies of all kinds. The truth is that only the U.S. makes a pretense of amateurism. The Italian, Nicola Pietrangeli, blandly admitted to the Australian press that he would not play "amateur" tennis for less than $400 a week in Europe. And Australian Davis Cuppers are allowed to make their own 'financial arrangements" when they tour. (One Aussie has done



so well he cannot afford to turn professional.) The Soviet Union, which claims it has no professional athletes, in fact has no amateurs.

The U S by striving—apparently alone—to abide by the rigid amateurism in the International Lawn Tennis Federation, of which it is a member, finds it has split tennis into two factions: amateur officialdom versus the best tennis players in the world.

If the argument that small-time tennis needs big-time tennis isn't enough, there is at least one more valid reason for the revivification of the dying sport.

The reason was impressed indelibly upon me on an unbearably hot day last October in New Delhi when 4,000 rapt spectators watched the U S. Davis Cup team play India. The Vice-President of India—Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan—grasped my hand and said: "Relations between the United States and India have never been better than they are today."

Of course, international sport isn't the answer for the cold war. But it helps. And tennis *is* international. They know it in Indonesia, and they know it in Iceland. They play international tennis where they can't play international football. More than 40 nations—including Russia—are competing this year for the Davis Cup, despite the fact that only four nations have ever won it. Any sport which brings nations together even for a short time is worth reviving.

Tennis can come back, but we have to give the top athlete a reason for devoting himself to tennis instead of football. At least we have to tear down the barriers that have virtually made it impossible for a potential young Kramer, Budge or Gonzalez to cast his lot with the game of tennis.

Open tennis will come. That's clear. And when it does spectator interest will revive, and tennis will come back—but only if there is complete cooperation from all groups—the USLTA and the top professionals. A divided house cannot but become shaky in time. For tennis in the U.S. the time has come.

I think I can speak for most of those who love the game as I do in saying: if we can get together and by so doing restore to tennis the vigor and excitement it once possessed, that will be reward enough for all. **END**

CINCINNATI IS NO. 1,



NO. 1, NO. 1!

by RAY CAVE

Furious for two years because they were ranked second to Ohio State, the Bearcats again beat State in the NCAA basketball finals. And this victory was no fluke



Louisville thinks of itself as a gentle southern city just below the drawl line, and if once a year it gallops into a dither over a horse race called the Derby, it soon quiets down again into its normal sippin'-whisky frame of mind. Thus it came as all the more of a civic shock last week, a full month before The Horse Race, that Louisville should find itself the center of a frenzy that matched the Derby at its wildest. Into town had come 700 coaches, 200 newsmen and half the population of Ohio to see two furious basketball teams that were bent on settling a national championship and their own civil war in what would long be remembered as the great grudge match of Louisville. By Thursday there wasn't a hotel room available within 40 miles. By Friday, tickets were selling for $100 apiece. And by Saturday at dinnertime the last of the verbal battles were raging from the Bluegrass Room to the Julep Lounge, from Gordon's Golden Horse to the Bit 'n Spur, and even in that rare unequine setting, the Boom Boom Room, as to which team *was going to win the national title: defending champion Cincinnati* or its hated foe, the squad that has been ranked No. 1 for two straight seasons, Ohio State? By 11 p.m. that night every argument was settled. Cincinnati, with its matchless defense and a center as tall, solid and imposing as the Washington Monument, had thrashed Ohio State 71–59.

The Bearcats had taken up the challenge that their win over Ohio State in last years's NCAA finals was a fluke. They proved that it was not. They had used college basketball's best defense to once again stop its best offense, as well as the great player who made that offense work, Jerry Lucas. "We're No. 1! We're No. 1!" shouted the Bearcats' joyous backers as the final seconds of the game ran out, and there wasn't a doubt last Saturday night that they were. But it hadn't been easy. A fantastic game-winning shot the night before had helped a lot; and a freakish accident had helped at least a little.

On Thursday, at the start of this long-awaited basketball weekend, the validity of Cincinnati's claim was yet to be proved. The four regional winners in the NCAA tournament all arrived that day, with Wake Forest from the east and UCLA from the west joining the two overwhelming favorites. At a press conference that afternoon Wake Forest's Bones McKinney, the last of the whooping cranes, took a long slug from a Royal Crown Cola, flashed his wild red socks, fluttered his arms unhappily and said of his semifinal round opponent, Ohio State, that "I'd take most any player they've got and use him instead of mine." Earlier in the season he had said his team was better than State's, but coaches' tunes change faster than won-and-lost records. Fred Taylor of Ohio State sat filing his fingernails so intently as he listened to this that it almost

continued

Photographs by Richard Meek

BACKCOURT SUPERIORITY that contributed to Cincy's win is epitomized by Tom Thacker as he drives past OSU's Mel Nowell.

seemed he planned to scratch his way to victory. When his turn came he said everybody was talking about a Cincy-Ohio State final, but what if his team lost to Wake Forest? "Third place," he observed tartly, "is for the birds."

Ed Jucker, sitting tautly next to Taylor in a scene as warm and friendly as a summit conference, had a few nice things to say about his Friday night opponent, UCLA, but his mind was obviously on Ohio State. Those brash characters from UCLA, meanwhile, were the last to arrive. Gall, a couple of guards and a blistering attack had brought them some most unexpected success, but everybody knew Cincinnati would crush them. "I don't think we can beat Cincinnati at their slow-down game, and I don't much think we can beat them at our fast one either," said John Wooden, UCLA's coach, when he finally arrived. But that evening in a downtown hotel another coach made a nearly prophetic and certainly true observation. "You get to the semifinals on talent," he said. "But after that you are in the hands of God."

The next night Cincinnati fans firmly pinned on their "Hate State" buttons, Ohio State backers donned several thousand weird bibs that said "Go Go Ohio," Wake Forest men knotted their string ties right and 18,000 people repaired six miles south of town to a magnificent structure on the grounds of the Kentucky Fair and Exposition Center called Freedom Hall. It is so big that binoculars are recommended gear there. The nearly invisible ceiling is either gray metal or cumulus clouds. It is too high to tell which.

The Wake Forest-Ohio State game began to a crescendo of sound from the Wake Forest drum-and-cymbal section and the displaying of a fervent though ill-advised Confederate-type sign: "Yankee Go Home!" Bones McKinney would have fainted if the Yankees had gone home. All five of his starters were Northerners. It took just two and a half minutes for Jerry Lucas to put in three baskets, and Wake Forest could have taken its Yankees home right there. The Buckeyes' All-America forward, rugged John Havlicek, so thoroughly contained Wake's broad-backed All-America Len Chappell that he could only make five of his 13 shots in the first half. Wake needs much more from him to win. The Buckeyes took a safe 46–34 half-time lead, and the game was over. Almost.

It was with six minutes and 19 seconds left that disaster struck Ohio State. Lucas had jumped as a Wake player missed a shot, seen that OSU would control the rebound and started to turn his body as he came down. His left leg hit the calf of Deacon Center Bob Woollard. This threw him just a fraction off balance, and he landed on his heel instead of his toe. Compared to the constant smashing body contact in basketball, this was as harmless looking as a flick of a finger. But it caused a strain of tissues in Lucas' left kneecap. (Though he has a history of knee trouble, this injury was a new one.) He fell, tried to get up and couldn't, finally stood on one leg and hopped toward the bench in pain. It was a hushed and sad moment, for it was obvious that the hoped-for dream game, pitting Lucas and company against Cincinnati, was only going to be half a dream now. Lucas was taken to the dressing room. Half an hour later he was still stretched out there, a towel filled with ice cubes wrapped around his knee. A large crowd formed around the dressing-room door, and his wife, Treva, sent a message in. "Will he be able to play tomorrow?" she asked. "Will the sun come up in the east?" answered a determined Lucas.

BOWED IN PAIN. Lucas lurches toward bench after hurting knee in semifinal game.



The best team in Louisville

Meanwhile UCLA, set to start against Cincinnati, unveiled the first of its many surprises of the night in the form of three glorious coed cheerleaders who held the entire crowd's rapt attention as they did the Charleston, twist and an original of their own called the prance. ("Two juniors and a sophomore," said a UCLA man proudly. "Good," said a reporter. "That means the best team in the NCAA may be back next year.") Instead of watching the cheerleaders, the relatively small UCLA team made what is a mistake in any sport. It turned to look at its champion opponents while they warmed up. The sight of mighty Paul Hogue, 6-foot-8 George Wilson and those two excellent guards, Tom Thacker and Tony Yates, was too much. After five and a half minutes of play UCLA was still watching the Bearcats warm up. Cincinnati had scored every time it brought the ball downcourt. Hogue had three baskets in two minutes. UCLA had not gotten a single rebound. The score was 18 4. "The worst start I ever saw," said John Wooden later. Then, incredibly, Cincinnati began to blow its lead. UCLA's Gary Cunningham fired in one long jump shot after another, and Guards Walt Hazzard and John Green drove Yates and Thacker to distraction. Usually icy-careful Cincinnati did something it hasn't done within memory. It squandered a 14-point lead. By half time the score was tied. It was still stubbornly and thrillingly tied 70–70 with 10 seconds left to play when Ed Jucker called for a time-out. Hogue had kept Cincinnati alive by scoring the previous 14 Bearcat points.

During the time-out Ed Jucker ordered a play designed to get the ball to Hogue. Cincinnati couldn't manage it, however, so it tried the first option off the play. Thacker drove to the right side, jumped and sank a 25-footer with three seconds left. Thacker is not a good outside shot. He had missed all six shots he had taken up to that point. Yet he made the one that mattered—which is what Cincinnati has done all year. "That team [UCLA] is a lot better than anyone

continued



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knows," said a relieved and wrung-out Jucker after the game. His team had played poorly, except for Hogue's 36-point effort, 20 more than his average. But the Bearcats beat the *Wunderkinder* from the West. Now Cincinnati and Ohio State were at last officially matched in the NCAA finals, and Louisville vividly celebrated the prospect. One rooter eventually sagged unconscious in an elevator at the Sheraton Hotel with a "do not disturb" sign attached tastefully to his chest, as he rode endlessly up and down to nowhere.

Louisville is acutely sensitive to leg injuries, possibly because so many horses suffer them. So the only question to be heard Saturday morning was: How is Lucas' knee? The Ohio State coaching staff had been working on scouting reports until 3 a.m., in the hope it was all right. Ed Jucker's staff had been doing roughly the same, on the assumption it was all right. It wasn't. Lucas limped through an eight-block morning walk. "Feels fine, feels fine," he said to countless well-wishers. "It hurts," he quietly told a close friend. "It hurts every time I straighten it." By midafternoon Lucas' room at the Sheraton looked like a miniature hospital ward. Two dour doctors were there, along with a trainer and a machine that makes a whirlpool bath out of a bathtub. On one table were tape and bandages. On another a small envelope of pills marked "PAIN." "He should be all right by game time," said an OSU doctor, Robert Murphy. The plan was to tape the leg so that it could not quite be straightened out into its most painful position.

When Lucas took the floor for the center jump against Paul Hogue on Saturday night his left leg was taped, nearly from his shorts to his sock. Yet he moved without limping. Still, Hogue was moving much better; like a man possessed, in fact. In the first two minutes he put in a hook shot, blocked a Lucas shot, then sank another hook shot. He was out to show he was better than Jerry Lucas. He tore the ball off the backboards, and the ones he didn't get, fired-up George Wilson did. Lucas came quickly back to score from 10, 20 and 12 feet, and with five minutes gone OSU led 11–8.

But the backboards belonged to Cincinnati. "We got only one shot for so long it was pathetic," Fred Taylor was to say later. "Cincinnati wanted the basketball so badly they fought each other for it." First slowly, then inexorably, Cincinnati began to pull away. On defense Thacker and Yates were giving the Buckeyes room in the center but keeping them from passing to the forwards in the corners. That is the pass that starts many offensive plays, and without it an offense loses its tempo. Soon OSU was doing what it had done a year ago against Cincinnati. Thwarted and perplexed on the offense, it gave up its own slashing style of attack and became hopelessly deliberate. "We must have *movement*," Taylor had written in the OSU scouting report. "We'll move the ball if we have to drop-kick it," an assistant OSU coach had said. In the last 10 minutes of the first half Ohio State's vaunted offense could score only three baskets against the Bearcats. Lucas, significantly, did not score at all in the final 15 minutes of the half. The Cincinnati offense, led by Hogue with 16 points, was functioning crisply, however. It was getting good shots and a neat strategic move was paying off. OSU's Havlicek, a strong rebounder, was being kept away from the backboard because the man he was guarding, Ron Bonham, had been told to stay well outside. The half-time score was 37–29 Cincinnati.

Ohio State started the second half by bringing in substitute center Gary Bradds, who is 6 feet 8, as a forward, and moving Lucas out past the foul line. Ordinarily Lucas could drive to the basket if Hogue tried to play him closely out there. Hogue came close once, Lucas didn't drive, and Hogue realized Lucas *couldn't* drive. Then and there the game was over. Cincinnati continued to control the ball beautifully, pushed out to an 18-point lead and, in the parlance of Churchill Downs, won breezing.

The second the buzzer went off Ed Jucker leaped from his chair and flung his hand skyward time after time with a single upraised finger showing the magic No. 1. Within minutes he was clutching the gigantic championship trophy to his chest while both he and the trophy were being held high by Paul Hogue. There was no chance Hogue would drop either one, for big Paul hadn't made a mistake all night. Cincy's hysterical fans, masters at raising bedlam, cheered wildly and were off on a well-deserved celebration that was to rip through the streets of Louisville until 4 a.m.

"We stopped their fast break," said Jucker when he was finally steady and on his feet again. "We stymied their feeding into Lucas. We got them to play a standing game."

"Does this prove it?" he was saying a minute later. "Aren't we the best? They can't overlook us anymore. They can't overlook the national champions two years in a row." Ed Jucker, the masterful coach of defensive basketball who in his only two years as a head coach had won two national championships, was half asserting these things, and half asking. For he can't seem to win a Coach of the Year award, his team doesn't get first-place status in a single weekly poll and his players aren't named to All-America teams. Now his night of greatest triumph had its shadow, too, the knee of Jerry Lucas.

At the moment Jucker was drowning in a sea of exuberant sound there was a desert of near silence in the nearby Ohio State dressing room. Over and over again Lucas was asked if his knee had bothered him. "No," he answered. "Not a bit. Not at all." Repeatedly reporters asked the same thing of Fred Taylor. "Luke says it didn't bother him," said Taylor. Then he would shift the questioning to applaud some part of Cincinnati's fine game. But the main question would come back, and the refrain was always, "No. No. No. Luke says it was fine."

The big question

But it wasn't fine, of course. The 700 basketball coaches talked of nothing else in downtown Louisville that night. They had seen Lucas start to limp late in the first half, and had seen the things he couldn't do—the drives, the cuts, the fierce rebounding that has made him college basketball's best player. And they saw he scored only 11 points. The real heart of the matter is, could Cincy have won anyway last Saturday night? The answer is yes. Ed Jucker's team is rightfully No. 1.

How does it feel to be No. 2? For an hour after the game the runner-up trophy sat on a hall table in the Ohio State dressing room, amid two dozen empty cola bottles, scattered orange pulp and peelings and a river of melting ice. Nobody looked at it. It was the last night of Jerry Lucas' college career, and it was a quiet one. "Third place is for the birds," Fred Taylor had said on Thursday. Second place seemed worse. It was only Cincinnati's Bearcats, the team that shook up Louisville, which had every right to smile. **END**



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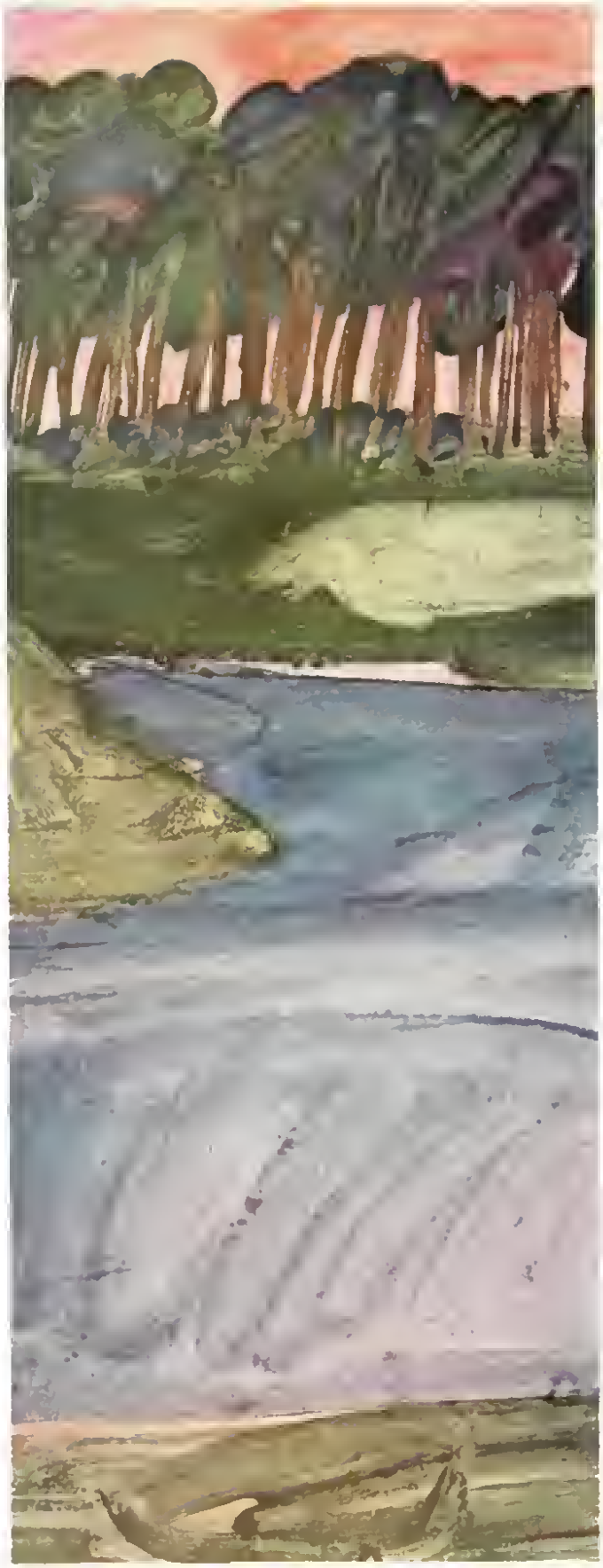
SPRING SETS THE MOOD OF THE MASTERS



Spring comes to golf in the annual rush of warm colors and optimistic spectators to Augusta, Ga. for the famed Masters Tournament. White-coveralled caddies (left) in the early-morning dew, a golfer (right) lining up his putt—these and other glimpses captured here in watercolors by Artist Robert Andrew Parker reflect the hopeful mood of the Masters









Filing through the pine woods, a gallery leaves one scene of action to bunch along the blue pond that makes a mirrorlike setting for another. In front of a second straining wall of spectators one golfer (above) sends a shot hurtling toward a green


A sprhig downpour casts a mellow patina
over the bright colors of umbrellas that
shelter a cluster of dampened spectators





A puff of sand (left) punctuates a shot by a solitary player in one of the course's spacious sand traps, while spectators who gather around the finishing hole (below) stand bathed in fiery sunset brilliance



The Statistics Speak

According to legend, it takes a long ball to master the Masters. Bob Jones's Augusta course is so long (6,850 yards) and its fairways so wide (70 acres total area as opposed to about 35 on most courses) that the myth contends its mastery depends more on strength than on accuracy. But cold statistics—like those plotted in the chart below—are impervious to mythology and *they* seem to prove just the opposite. Compiled by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED from a hole-by-hole survey of Masters' play over the last five years, these statistics show that the Masters is not won on the long holes at all: everybody, winner and loser alike, is likely to do well on them. It is on the short holes, where accuracy rather than length is needed, that the winner's score is shaped.

On the chart the course has been divided into five categories: the par 3 holes (average length 182 yards, total four-round par 48 strokes); the short par 4s (average 381 yards, four-round par 80); the long par 4s (average 448 yards, total par 48); the par 5s (average 513 yards, total par 80) and the "others," medium-length par 4s averaging 413 yards.

Weaving above and below the horizontal line representing par on these holes are graph lines derived from four significant sets of scores carded in the last five Masters tournaments. One is the field (dotted line), which represents the average for all competitors surviving the 36-hole cutdown, with the exception of each year's winner and Arnold Palmer. Another set (gray tint) is the average score of the three Masters champions, Doug Ford ('57), Art Wall ('59) and Gary Player ('61) who have managed to beat Arnold Palmer since 1956.

The two boldest lines in the graph represent the man who, win or lose, has come in recent years to dominate the tournament so completely: long-hitting Arnold Palmer. The red line is the average of his scores in two winning years, 1958 and 1960; the line of dashes is his average score in the losing years of 1957, 1959 and 1961.

Even a cursory look at the graph reveals that Ford, Wall, Player and Palmer, too, all scored far better than average on the par 3s and the short par 4s in their winning years. But—and this is the point—the losing Palmer played the par 3s in a sloppy average of four strokes over the total par 48. He averaged 81 shots (one over par) on the short par 4s. Meanwhile he did as well or better than the winning Palmer on all the other, longer holes. Ford, Wall and Player toured the par 5s in an average of 75 shots (five under par), scarcely better than the field and some three shots higher than Palmer's average, but won just the same.

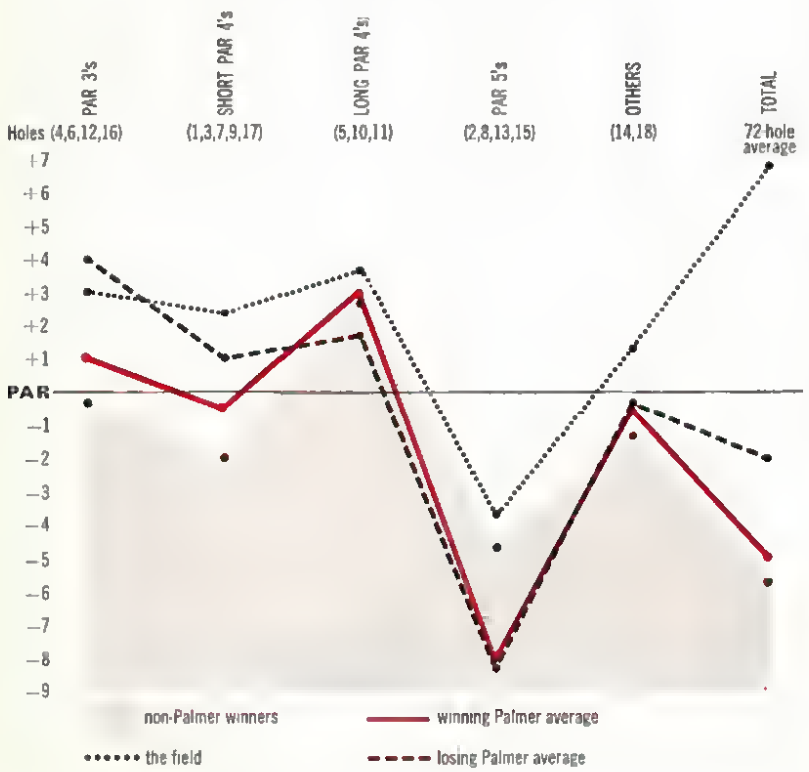
A study of the holes indicates why this is so. Even a so-so Masters competitor can pick up his share of birdies on the par 5s with a good pitch and a putt. But over a span of time no one, not even Arnold Palmer, can consistently conquer the long, tough par 4 holes—Nos. 5, 10 and 11. The two-time Masters winner has not once in five years birdied any of these holes at Augusta. On the contrary, he has stumbled to 13 bogeys. As the statistics show, a short driver but a superb serambler like Doug Ford can do fully as well with a good chip and a putt.

The par 3s and the short par 4s, however, place such a high premium on accuracy—from the tee, on the approach shot and on the green, that a loose shot here will cost the careless player more than he can ever make up by sheer length elsewhere. This sets up a marvelous opportunity for the straight hitter to widen his margin over the rest of the field.

The statistics plotted here show clearly what a truly well-rounded golfer Arnold Palmer is and what a marvel at blending distance and accuracy, but they also show that he must be particularly strong in the latter category from April 5 on or some other golfer will be the Masters champion for the year 1962.

—GWILYM S. BROWN

FIVE-YEAR SCORE PATTERN



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FORD	MC $—	T 49 —	1 5,300	T 22 625	T 14 721			T 19 510	T 12 650	T 20 290	T 22 220	T 32 182
GOALBY	T 2 $3,325	T 5 1,200	MC —	T 58 —	T 30 300	T 62 —		T 10 851	T 9 753	T 43 —	3 1,400	6 2,100
J. HEBERT	T 23 $ 447	T 5 1,200	58 —	T 15 950	T 2 2,800	T 35 137						T 48 47
JACOBS	T 12 $1,060	1 3,500	T 6 1,400	T 8 1,550	T 32 164	T 17 609				T 34 —	T 16 430	T 21 675
JANUARY	T 8 $1,450	T 31 62	T 23 450	T 8 1,550	T 7 1,350	T 10 933						T 48 47
LITTLER	T 12 $1,060	T 15 550	T 18 640	1 9,000	T 2 2,800	T 35 137	T 3 1,175					T 57 —
NICKLAUS	T 50 $ 33	T 15 550	T 23 450	T 47 63	T 32 164	T 2 2,300		T 17 650	T 9 753	T 16 450		3 3,000
PALMER	T 18 $ 825	T 21 275	T 21 555	T 34 170	1 5,300	1 5,300			T 9 753	T 5 1,000		T 11 1,230
PLAYER	T 37 $ 155	T 8 900	MC —	T 54 —	T 21 525							T 11 1,230
RAGAN	T 8 $1,450	T 40 —	T 4 1,800	T 15 950	T 44 —	T 24 450	T 12 670		T 12 650	T 11 630	T 5 1,050	8 1,700
RODGERS	1 $7,500	T 40 —	3 2,200	MC —	T 21 525	T 17 609	1 2,800	T 5 1,400				T 32 182
ROSBURG	T 8 $1,450	MC —	T 32 210	T 3 2,800	MC —	T 24 450	T 25 193	2 3,000	2 1,900	T 34 —		MC —
SANDERS	T 20 $ 700	T 29 145	T 15 760	W —	T 32 164			3 2,000	T 3 1,300	1 2,800	T 7 850	
SOUCHAK	T 37 $ 155	T 5 1,200	MC —	MC —	T 44 —	T 17 609	T 15 490	T 17 650		T 5 1,000	4 1,200	T 32 182

FOUR OF LAST FIVE MASTERS have been won by winter tour's leading money winner. Chart shows how leaders have done this year. Top four are Palmer, $15,408; Littler, $15,362; Rodgers, $15,216; and Casper, $15,048. Note: MC means missed cut, W, withdrew, T, tied.

Arnold Palmer Replies

When he was shown the statistics charted on the opposite page, Arnold Palmer, the man who has won two of the last four Masters championships, said: "Well, it certainly proves one thing, my short irons and my putting are the weakest part of my game. It's always been that way, and this shows it. When I play the 3s at Augusta in even par, I'm in good shape. The short par 4s always give me trouble because of my short irons. But the long par 4s and the par 5s are where I can make up ground because of my fairway woods and my long irons, which are my strong point.

"The trouble is," he went on with a faintly worried look, "right now I'm not hitting my fairway woods the way I should. I don't know what it is exactly, because I seem to be swinging the way I always have. Maybe I just need more practice. My short irons are way off, too, and I don't know what's happened to my putting, but I'm sure using a funny stroke."

"What are you going to do about all that between now and the Masters?" Palmer was asked. "After all, you've got only three weeks to get ready."

"I've just got to practice and play my way into shape," Palmer replied. "I'm out there on the practice tee as much as possible every day, and I'm hitting hundreds of short irons, and I also try to get in at least nine holes of actual play. I'll go up to Augusta early and get in as much practice there as I can. If I feel I need still another tournament, I'll play at Wilmington. That's about all I can do."

To indicate that finding time for the necessary practice would not be easy, Arnold Palmer, the most successful golfer of the last few years, gestured expressively at the litter in his office at the newly organized Country Club of Miami. Leaning helter-skelter against the walls were several dozen golf clubs—new and old, woods, putters and irons in every state of repair and disrepair. On a shelf in the corner was a pile of new Arnold Palmer hats and caps in many hues and styles. Arnold is anything but a clean-desk man, and that piece of furniture was buried under a jumble of correspondence, checkbooks, old magazines, telephone messages and just plain office miscellany.

The human traffic in and out of the office that is GHQ for the $400,000-a-year big business that is Arnold Palmer was characteristically heavy—a secretary, the club manager, somebody's cousin from Keokuk, one of the teaching pros on Palmer's club staff, interviewers from the press and George Low, a skillful golf-club fabricator who is helping Palmer prepare his clubs for competition. All of these people bring questions that Palmer must deal with.

In spite of the huge demands on his

continued



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attention, Arnold Palmer is the kind of person who always has plenty of time to tell stories or listen to someone's latest joke. When he got to reminiscing about the Masters, the conversation turned to that horrendous final hole of last year's tournament, the hole that cost him a third championship by a single stroke.

"What really happened there, Arnie?" he was asked.

"I just went to sleep on my second shot," he said with the candor that always makes this particular champion a delight to talk to. "It was a perfectly easy one, just an ordinary seven-iron to the green, but I came up off it a little when I hit and pushed it into that bunker on the right. If it had just been a couple of inches more to the left, it wouldn't have rolled in the way it did.

"Before I hit that shot," said Palmer, in sudden self-reproof, "I remember standing there thinking that all I needed was a 4 to win—just get it up there on the green and then down in two putts. *That's where I made my mistake, thinking* about something besides hitting the ball. If I'd just kept my mind on swinging the club properly, there wouldn't have been any problem."

That better hole

Palmer turned his attention back to the statistics spread out on the cluttered desk. "You see," he said, "I actually played the course well enough to win last year if it weren't for that last hole. I was two under on the par 3s for the tournament and even on the short par 4s. That's the best I've ever done on those holes. In fact, my 281 for the tournament was the best that I've ever shot at the Masters."

Palmer opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a small green booklet containing records of past Masters tournaments. "Look," he continued, "except for 1956 and 1959 I've always improved my score at Augusta. I'm determined to break 280 on that course."

If Arnold Palmer is determined to break 280 at the Masters, it is almost a foregone conclusion that he will—if not this year, then sometime. For determination is a factor in Palmer's golf that counts just as much as his powerful, all-out manner of hitting the ball. It has been said of him often enough to become a cliche that when he needs to win he simply "wills the ball into the hole."

When the 1962 tour started in Los Angeles in early January, Palmer was playing, for him, quite mediocre golf. In the first four tournaments he won a mere $1,825 and stood 33rd on the money list. However, anyone who kept even a casual eye on Palmer during that period could see a change coming over him. By the time the tour reached Pebble Beach for the Crosby, Arnold had begun spending long, sweaty hours on the practice tee. He wasn't just banging the ball out to his caddie like a man keeping his swing in the groove; he was tearing at his shots with a fierceness that bespoke a purpose: to get out of the ruck of golfers and back into the dominating position he has occupied ever since he came charging to the front in 1958.

There was more of the same kind of practice the following week in San Francisco (where he finished in a tie for 34th, his worst performance to date) and more still the week after at Palm Springs. "I had had my mind on a lot of other things besides my golf," Palmer has since explained, "and I decided I had to get back *to business*."

On the Sunday when he started the fifth and final round at Palm Springs Palmer was in third place, three strokes behind Gene Littler, who was leading. For the previous 10 days Littler had been playing superb golf, winning at San Francisco with rounds of 65–68–68–73 and covering the first four rounds at Palm Springs in 67–71–64–68—a total of 27 under par for eight rounds. Against such brilliant consistency, Palmer's prospects of overcoming Littler's lead were indeed gray. But that was not taking into consideration the Palmer determination.

Palmer and Littler were in the same pairing for this final round at Palm Springs, and starting at the fifth hole Palmer threw five straight birdies at Littler. The effect was conclusive. All of a sudden, Gene ceased to play with the precision he had been showing over such a long streak, and Palmer went on to win the tournament by a comfortable three strokes. He won the next one at Phoenix by a stupendous 12 strokes. He then felt justified in leaving the tour for a couple of weeks to attend to other matters in his new office in Miami.

The statistics say that Arnold Palmer will have to work hard to win at the Masters, and Arnold agrees. But once he puts his mind to it this champion can shatter a statistic as abruptly as he overcame Gene Littler's lead at Palm Springs.

—ALFRED WRIGHT

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CAR LIFE magazine spotted all this and gave Chevy II their Award for Engineering Excellence, proof that Chevrolet is still head and shoulders above the rest in customer pleasing advances and innovations. Drive a Chevy II; being thrifty was never such a pleasure. (Bucket seats, as shown, optional at extra cost.) . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

THE GREAT KHANS ARE THE KINGS OF SQUASH

Azam Khan and his nephew Mohibullah *(below left and right)* are only two members of a vast dynasty of champions

by ***REX LARDNER***

An invention of the English who played it—or something very like it—to while away tedious hours in the courtyards of 18th century debtors' prisons, the game of squash racquets is now popular pretty much all over the world. But by an odd quirk of fate, or perhaps by Allah's specific design, all of its greatest champions come not only from one nation but from one single family in that nation —the Khans of Pakistan. The Khans are to squash what the Bachs were to music, what the Zacchinis are to being shot from cannons.

Hashim, the mightiest of the Khans, has won the world's squash racquets championship seven separate times and has held titles in 40 different countries.

continued



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The current British and American squash racquets open champion is Hashim's younger brother, Azam. The Australian open champion is Azam and Hashim's nephew, 23-year-old Mohibullah. The Canadian open champion is Mohibullah's cousin Roshan, 34, who lost the U.S. open championship to his cousin Azam in the finals in January.

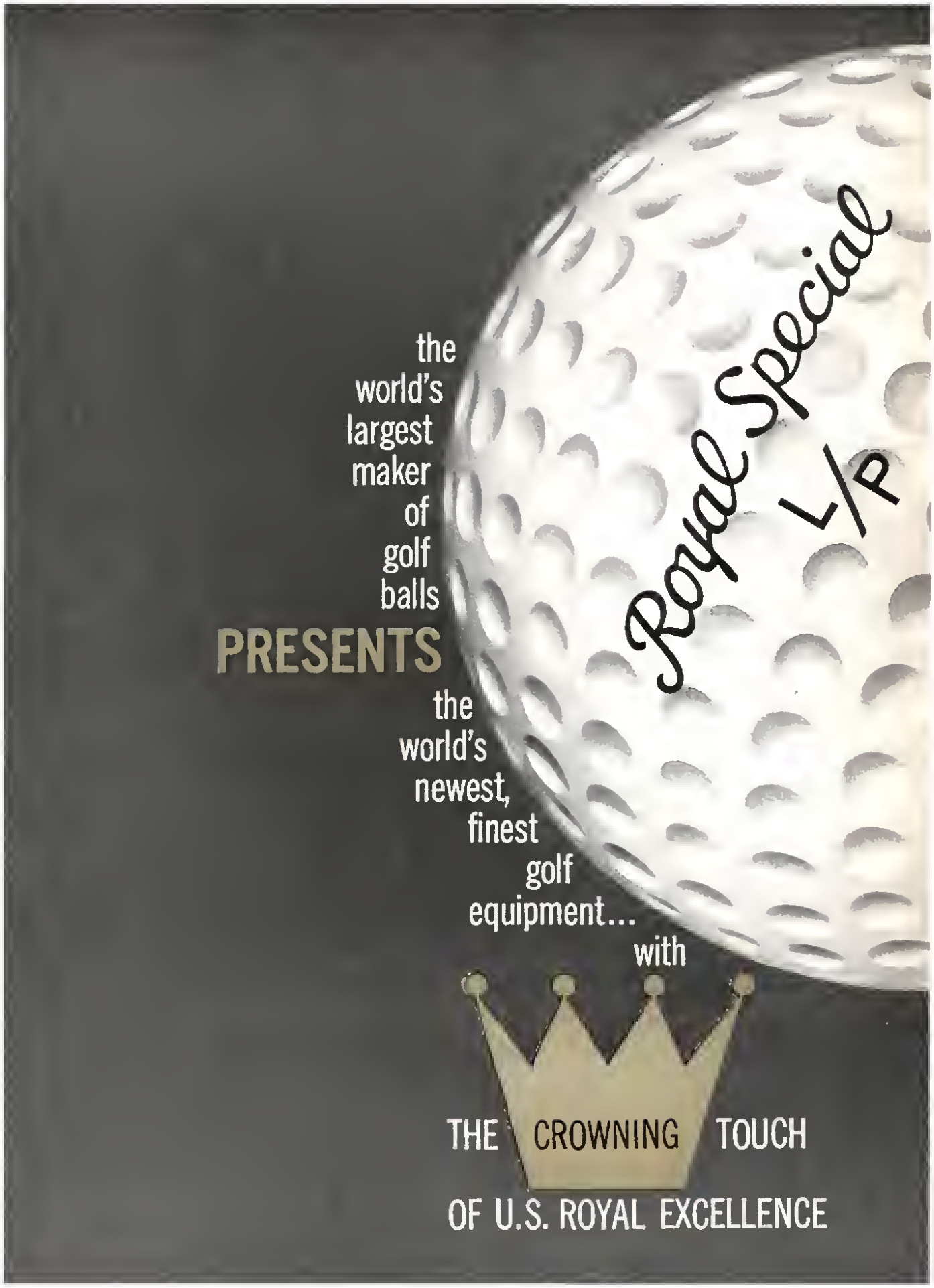
These are not all of the squash-playing Khans. There is also Sharrif Khan, the 16-year-old son of Hashim and the pupil of Azam. He is the British junior champion. Safirullah Khan, Mohibullah's father, is the professional at the Sind Club in Karachi and the holder of several professional titles. Gulamed, the 13-year-old brother of Mohibullah, is expected one day to be world champion. Samiullah Khan is the professional at Karachi's Municipal Corporation Club. Roshan's brother, Nazrullah, is the pro at the Junior Carlton Club in London. Under the tutelage of Roshan, two more Khans—the sons of Nazrullah—will almost certainly be winning championships before long.

Abdul the ball boy

This fantastic and continuing dominance began a century ago when a young Moslem was allowed by his British employers to serve as ball boy at a racquets court in an Empire army post in what was then India. That young man, Abdul Majeed Khan, born about the time of the battle of Bull Run, served for 65 years as the racquets pro (racquets is an older form of the game than squash racquets and is played on a slightly larger court) at the Peshawar Club in Peshawar. At the age of 76 he spotted the local British champion six points and beat him 9–6. (Unless there is a tie, the English game ends at nine points, the American game at 15.) Twenty years later, in 1950, his young cousin Hashim, then 36, journeyed from Pakistan to England to beat the best squash players in the world and make the name Khan an international hallmark of excellence at the game.

At that time Hashim Khan was employed as coach of the infant Pakistan air force. "They think Hashim is too old for the game," says Hashim, puffing out his barrel of a chest, "but Hashim fool them." Accustomed to roofless courts and not too familiar with the British style of play, Hashim was far from polished in his first overseas tournament. But

continued


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he had one unbeatable advantage: nobody could get a ball past him. Incredibly fast and endlessly patient, he was the best retriever the British or anyone else had ever seen. During one rally in the finals against the fine Egyptian stylist, Mahmoud Abd El Karim, Hashim returned his opponent's smashes and tricky placements 37 times by actual count until the frenzied Egyptian could stand it no longer and slammed the ball into the telltale through sheer frustration. The acrobatic little Pakistani then proceeded to finish off the Egyptian champion 9-5, 9-0, 9-0.

From England, Hashim went on to win the Scottish and Australian titles, spreading the fame of Pakistan and the Khans wherever he went. On his return home he persuaded his younger brother, Azam, a local tennis champion, to stop this outdoor nonsense and concentrate on the family game. Azam was reluctant but submitted to Hashim's intense coaching for three months. Though he played the game more like tennis than true squash, with wide, sweeping strokes, Azam was soon good enough for international play. The following year, the finals of the British open squash racquets tournament were played between the two brothers with Hashim winning as he pleased—a pattern that was to continue in most open and professional tournaments for the next 10 years.

On to the U.S.

In 1954 Hashim was invited to the U.S., to play in the first American open tournament. Despite the fact that the American form of the game was completely unfamiliar to him (it is played on a smaller court and requires much faster reflexes than the English game but not as much fast running) Hashim learned with every shot he made and reached the finals, beating Champion G. Diehl Mateer Jr. on the way. Overconfident, Hashim then lost to the Boston amateur, Henri Salaun. Two years later Hashim made up for this unpardonable lapse. He arranged for his brother Azam to enter the tournament in 1956. Azam beat the Americans, then Hashim beat Azam.

Bothered by knee trouble and more or less retired from championship play now, Hashim keeps in shape today by serving as the squash pro at the Uptown Athletic Club in Detroit. He upholds the family honor by spotting local champions 12 points a game and beating them handily. Occasionally he takes them on two or three at a time as he did once in Australia when he beat the top-ranking Aussie pro (Tennis Player Frank Sedgman) and two amateurs.



CHEERFUL ROSHAN is considered the only Khan to have mastered American play.

During the period of his championship, however, Hashim won more titles than anyone in the history of the game—often under codeine dosage to ease the pain in his knees, or while battling the flu or suffering from cramps in his wiry legs. Meanwhile, to ensure the continuity of the dynasty, two other Khans have been toppling over whatever opponents Hashim may have missed. These Khans are young Mohibullah (the heir apparent) and Roshan.

A few weeks ago the Pakistan ambassador to the U.S. introduced Mohibullah and Roshan to President Kennedy at the White House. The President wondered how it was that the Khan family happened to show such worldwide dominance in squash. "We told him," recalls good-looking, dark-haired, left-handed Mohibullah, "that members of family play every day—the older ones against best competition available; young ones, who start the game at about 8, under best instruction. Almost every member of family either plays or teaches. We

continued


HOW TO MAKE
44
FAVORITE
PARTY
DRINKS



Here's how to ENTERTAIN AT HOME and enjoy it!

While your guests are having fun, are *you* stuck in the kitchen, mixing drinks when you'd rather be mixing with your friends? Is home hosting all work and no play? Cheer up . . . there's a way out! This handy little guide shows how you can have fun at your own party. The secret? *Plan ahead!* Prepare your party snacks the day before and put 'em in the refrigerator, ready to serve or heat when guests arrive. Choose the drinks everybody likes, then mix in advance, by the pitcherful or shakerful. On the following pages, you'll find tested, easy-to-make recipes for 44 of the best-known drinks that most of your guests prefer, including many that you can mix in advance. And here, too, are recipes for preparing drinks in *party quantities*, so you don't have to be a mathematician to gauge the proportions for 4, 6, or 12 drinks. Plan ahead . . so that you, too, can enjoy your party.

THE BASIC HOME BAR

Key to planning. Be prepared! Have ready the tools and basic liquors for mixing the drinks most guests call for. Minimum home bar equipment includes ice bucket, tongs, ice-crusher or cloth bag and mallet, measuring glass and cup, shaker, pitcher, lemon-lime squeezer, strainer, can-opener, and corkscrew. Basic liquors are. Scotch, bourbon, gin, vodka, a light rum, both dry and sweet vermouth, bitters . . and don't forget the Southern Comfort! It's the most versatile of liquors, because so many popular drinks can be made only the Southern Comfort way, and because its completely unique flavor adds new zest to so many old favorites. Try it once in your favorite drink, and you'll agree!

What is SOUTHERN COMFORT?

In the gracious days of the Old South, men had time for the finer things. One such man-of-leisure in New Orleans was disturbed by the taste of even the *finest* whiskies. He took the time to "smooth his spirits" with some rare and delicious ingredients . . . and Southern Comfort was born! The formula for this unique 100 proof liquor has remained a family secret to this day. We think that you will find it just as delightful as he did!



mixing's easy with these tips from the experts



for success—measure!

Magic formula for consistently successful drinks is *exact* measurement of the finest ingredients. Bad guesses make bad drinks. Basic Measures: 1 *jigger*=1½ oz., 1 *pony* = 1 oz., 1 *dash*=4 to 6 drops.



which sugar is beet?

Finely granulated sugar won't cake, mixes faster, makes clearer drinks. Confectioners' sugar (often called "powdered") is not for drinks. Always dissolve sugar before adding liquor.

don't skimp on the ice!

Use cracked ice for shaker drinks, cubes for highballs. When pre-mixing drinks, add ice when ready to serve.



chilled glasses—better drinks!

Before mixing, fill glasses with shaved or cracked ice, let stand. When mixture is ready, dump ice, dry glasses, and pour.





when to shake? to stir?

A drink made with *clear* liquors needs only stirring with ice (the Stinger's an exception). *Shake* drinks made with hard-to-blend ingredients like fruit juice, eggs, cream, sugar . . . and shake *hard*.



secret of the frosted glass

For frosted drinks, put wet glasses in the freezer or bury in shaved ice. To "sugar-frost," dampen rim of pre-cooled glass with lemon slice, then dip rim in sugar for a few seconds. Brush off excess.

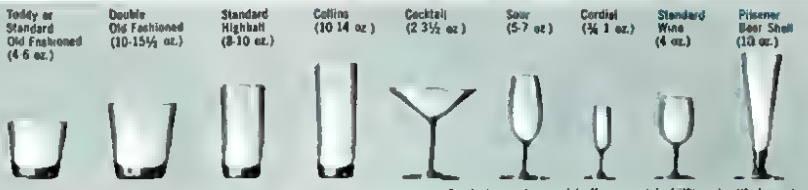
how much liquor will you need?

Biggest factor in planning is to have *enough!* There's nothing worse than a dry well. Figure each guest for *four* 1-jigger drinks (total, 6 oz.), it'll average out! Use the handy chart at right to determine how many bottles you'll need. 1 pint=16 oz., or 10 jiggers plus normal spillage. 1 fifth=25.6 oz., a fraction over 17 jiggers. 1 quart= 32 oz., or a bit over 21 jiggers.

No. of Persons*	Total No. of Ounces	No. of Fifths**	No. of Quarts**
4	24	1	¾
6	36	1½	1⅛
8	48	2	1½
10	60	2½	2
12	72	3	2¼

*Averaging four 1½ oz. drinks each **Approximate

BASIC GLASSWARE FOR YOUR HOME BAR



See last page for special offer on matched "Steamboat" glasses!



Lunch time or brunch time, the...

Comfort* Sour

The day's entertaining starts right and bright with a sour made in a delightfully new way with Southern Comfort. Mix a shakerful in advance!

As served at the Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco

Four cheerful luncheon companions



WHISKEY SOUR

1½ tbspns lemon juice • tsp sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) bourbon or rye
Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass. Serve with orange slice on rim of glass, and cherry.

BLOODY MARY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • 2 jiggers tomato juice
1 tbspn lemon juice • dash Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper to taste, shake with cracked ice and strain into 6-oz. glass.

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice
Place two ice cubes into 6-oz. glass. Pour in the vodka, fill with orange juice, stir and serve.
The standard screwdriver takes a pleasant new twist when you use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

THE ALAMO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Unsweetened Texas grapefruit juice
Pack Collins glass (12 oz.) with cracked ice, add Southern Comfort, fill with juice, and stir . . . and you'll remember the Alamo!

*Southern Comfort®

One or a dozen—easy mixing guide!

No. of Drinks	Sugar (Optional)	Lemon Juice	Southern Comfort
1	½ tspn.	1 tbspn.	1 jigger*
4	2 tspns.	⅓ cup**	¾ cup
6	1 tbspn.	⅜ cup	1½ cup
12	2 tbspns.	¾ cup	2⅓ cups

*1 jigger = 1½ oz. **1 cup = 8 oz.

Shake well with cracked ice, strain, serve with orange slice and cherry. (Note: Quantity recipes in guide use standard kitchen measures—teaspoon, tablespoon, cup).

BACON SUZIES

From prepared mix, make thin pancakes 2-3 in. in diameter. Fold pancakes over strips of crisp bacon. Dust with powdered sugar, serve with maple syrup, fresh melon balls.





Colorful accent for the afternoon

Scarlett O'Hara

Make your afternoon party memorable with a drink as enticing as the hospitality of the South, cosmopolitan as the French Quarter.

Ae served at Antoine's Restaurant, New Orleans

Favored at afternoon get-togethers!

STRAWBERRY BLONDE

1 oz. Sunkist strawberry-lemon punch concentrate
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour undiluted juice concentrate and Southern Comfort into toddy glass filled with cracked ice, stir thoroughly.

DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon • 1 tspn. sugar • 1 jigger light rum

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass.

For a Daiquiri with a difference, try Southern Comfort instead of rum. Use only ½ tspn. of sugar, same amount of fruit juice.

MINT JULEP

Several mint sprigs • 1 tspn. sugar • dash water • bourbon

Crush mint and sugar in water. Pack pre-chilled 12-oz. glass with cracked ice. Pour bourbon to within ½-in. of top, and stir gently with bar spoon until well-frosted.

A mint julep rises to new glories when you omit the sugar and use Southern Comfort instead of bourbon. Top with fresh mint sprig.

COMFORT* HIGHBALL

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • dry soda
Twist of lemon or juice of ¼ lime (optional)

Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in highball glass, add lime juice or lemon peel, fill with sodo and stir.



Make enough—you'll need 'em!

No. of Drinks	Fresh Lime Juice	Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice	Southern Comfort
1	½ lime	¾ oz.	1 jigger
4	2 limes	2 jiggers	⅜ cup
6	3 limes	3 jiggers	1⅛ cup
12	6 limes	1½ cup	2¼ cups

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into sour glasses. (When pre-mixing drinks, never add ice until ready to serve. Blend other ingredients first, add ice last!)

PARTY PUFFS

Mix two 6-oz. pkgs. sharp cheese with ¼-lb. butter, 1 cup flour. Shape into roll, chill overnight. Slice into thin discs, bake at 350° 'til puffy, and serve hot on round crackers.





For "come-on-over" hospitality, the

Comfort* Collins

When it's Open House and friends pour in, serve this zesty crowd-pleaser. Save time; mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in advance.

As served at the Fontainebleau Hotel, Miami Beach

Welcome quartet at any Open House



COMFORT* COLA

Juice and rind ½ lime • 1 jigger Southern Comfort • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind, Southern Comfort, fill with cola and stir. For a Cuba Libre, use light rum instead of Southern Comfort.



TOM COLLINS

1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger (¾ oz.) lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin, vodka or tequila • dry soda

Dissolve sugar in juice, add ice, liquor, and soda, stir.



HONOLULU COOLER

Juice ½ lime • pineapple juice • 1 jigger Southern Comfort

Into a tall glass packed with cracked ice, pour lime juice and Southern Comfort. Fill with Hawaiian pineapple juice and stir until the glass is thoroughly frosted.



COMFORT* 'N TONIC

Juice and rind ½ lime (optional) • tonic water
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass, add rind, Southern Comfort, fill with tonic, stir. Gin, vodka, or tequila may be used instead of Southern Comfort.

**Southern Comfort®*

Host's special—mix now, play later

No. of Drinks	Lime Juice	Southern Comfort	7 UP
1	⅛ lime	1 jigger	Keep 7 UP bottles capped and cold until ready to serve
4	1 lime	¾ cup	
6	1½ limes	1⅛ cup	
12	3 limes	2⅛ cups	

Pre-mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in shaker, blending thoroughly. To serve, pour jiggerful over ice cubes in chilled Collins glass, fill with 7-UP, stir.

SAVORY SHRIMP DIP

Mince 2 lbs. of cooked shrimp, add 1 cup mayonnaise, 4 tspns. grated onion, 1 tspn. Tabasco, salt, pepper. Thin with light cream until mixture is "dippable." Serves 16.





Cocktail-time favorite, the...

Comfort* Manhattan

A Manhattan with a richly different flavor all its own . . . perfect appetite-teaser for a fine dinner. Mix 'em early and enjoy the party!

As served at Sheraton-East, New York

Tried and true party-starters

MANHATTAN

½-oz. Italian (sweet) vermouth • 1 jigger bourbon or rye
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice, strain, serve with cherry

DRY MARTINI

1 part French (dry) vermouth • 4 parts dry gin or vodka

Stir with cracked ice until chilled. Strain, serve with green olive, pearl onion, or lemon twist

MARGARITA

1 oz. Cuervo tequila • ½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. lime or lemon juice

Shake with cracked ice. For the true Mexican flavor, moisten rim of cocktail glass with fruit rind, then spin moistened rim in salt and sip over salted edge

GIMLET

3 parts dry gin or vodka • 1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into glass.



Recipe for a pitcherful of pleasure

No. of Drinks	French (dry) Vermouth	Southern Comfort	Angostura Bitters**
1	½ oz.	1 jigger (1½ oz.)	Dash**
4	2 oz.	¾ cup	½ tspn.**
6	2 jiggers	1⅛ cup	½ tspn.**
12	⅜ cup	2¼ cups	1 tspn.**

To pre-mix, stir Southern Comfort, French (dry!) vermouth, and bitters in pitcher. Before serving, add ice, stir to chill. Strain into cocktail glass, add cherry.

**Bitters optional

CRABMEAT CANAPÉ

Mix 6½-oz. can crabmeat, ¼ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup chopped celery, 1½ tspn. lemon juice, 2 chopped eggs, salt and pepper. Spread on bread fingers; pimiento garnish



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Any time's the right time for...

Comfort* Old-Fashioned

You'll serve it with pride and sip it with pleasure.

Dash bitters**•Splash dry soda
1 jigger Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, soda, add ice cubes and S C Top with lemon twist, orange slice, cherry. For ordinary Old-Fashioned, muddle 1 lump sugar with soda and bitters, then add bourbon or rye.

As served at the Gaslight Club, Chicago



Three brimming bowls of cheer add a festive air to special occasions

COMFORT* EGGNOG
1 quart dairy eggnog mix
1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort
Pre-chill eggnog mix and S C Blend by beating in punchbowl; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10.

PARTY PUNCH
Bottle (fifth) Southern Comfort
½ cup (4 oz.) Jamaica rum
1 cup (8 oz.) pineapple juice
1 cup grapefruit juice
½ cup lemon juice
2 quarts champagne or sparkling water
Pre-cool ingredients, mix (champagne last), add ice, garnish with orange slices. Serves 25

ANNIVERSARY OR WEDDING PUNCH
Bottle (fifth) Southern Comfort
1 cup (8 oz.) cranberry juice
1 quart sparkling water
¾ cup lemon or lime juice
Dash Angostura bitters
2 quarts champagne
Pre-cool ingredients. Pour into punch bowl over large piece of ice, add champagne, fruit slices. Serves 20.

warm winter friends



TOM & JERRY
1 egg • ½ jigger (¾ oz.) brandy
1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger rum
Beat egg yolk, white separately. Blend, add sugar, beat. Add liquor, stir. Pour in mug, adding hot milk or water, nutmeg.



HOT BUTTERED RUM
Jigger Jamaica rum • Stick cinnamon
Lump sugar • lemon peel • dab butter
Mix ingredients in Old-Fashioned glass, add boiling water, and stir.
Superb with Southern Comfort (omit sugar)!

*Southern Comfort® **Angostura bitters—optional



Crowning touch to a gala dinner

St. Louis Cocktail

A delicious dinner-topper! Put ½ peach or apricot in champagne or sherbet glass, add cracked ice, fill with Southern Comfort.

Serve with small spoon, straw.

Featured at Stan Musial and Biggie's Restaurant, St. Louis

Finish with a flourish — six discriminating after-dinner drinks, symbols of elegant living!



ALEXANDER

1 tbspn (½ oz) fresh cream
¾ oz creme de cacao
1 jigger gin or brandy

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass

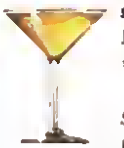
For an Alexander that is really "Great," use ½ jigger (¾ oz.) S. C. instead of gin or brandy



COMFORT® 'N MINT

½ jigger Southern Comfort
½ jigger (¾ oz) green or white creme de menthe

Mix Southern Comfort and creme de menthe, pour into toddy glass over cracked ice. Top with fresh mint sprig



STINGER

Jigger (1½ oz) brandy
½ jigger (¾-oz) white creme de menthe

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass

For a stinger you'll say is surely a dandy, try versatile Southern Comfort instead of the brandy



GRASSHOPPER

1½ tbspns. (¾ oz) cream
1 oz white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe

Shake well with cracked ice or mix in electric blender. Blend very thoroughly before straining into a cocktail glass



COMFORT® 'N SCOTCH

½ jigger Southern Comfort
½ jigger Scotch whisky
½ jigger water

Pour S. C. and Scotch over cracked ice in Old-Fashioned glass. Add water, stir, then add a twist of lemon peel.



CREME DE MENTHE FRAPPÉ

1 oz. green creme de menthe

Pour into glass full of finely cracked ice, and serve with short straws.

For a change of pace, serve the "Golden Glow" frappé: Comfort® poured over finely cracked ice



Perfect end to any day...

Comfort* On-the-rocks

Easy to pour, easy to enjoy, smooth as an Ambassador jet.

Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour into Old-Fashioned glass over cracked or cube ice. Add twist of lemon peel and stir.

As served on TWA Super Ambassador Jet Flights

Four dramatic dessert favorites that can make your dinner party an event to be long remembered



SNOWBALL FLAMBÉ

Vanilla ice cream

Toasted shredded coconut

1 oz. Southern Comfort per individual serving

Roll individual ice cream balls in the coconut, place in dishes. Warm Southern Comfort in ladle, ignite, let burn for short time, pour slowly over ice cream



PEACH FLAMBÉ

Canned peaches

Whipped cream

½ oz. Southern Comfort per individual serving

Place two peach halves in dish and add whipped cream. Ignite ½-oz. Southern Comfort in ladle, let it burn for short time, pour slowly over whipped cream.



COMFORT* ROYALE

Hot black coffee

½ oz. Southern Comfort

Fill a tablespoon with Southern Comfort, and balance over steaming cup of hot coffee. Touch a match to the fumes rising from liquor. As the blue flame fades, pour slowly into the coffee. It's delicious!

CHERRIES JUBILEE

2 cups canned black Bing cherries

¼ cup cherry juice from can

1 cup white Karo corn syrup

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort

Vanilla ice cream

*Southern Comfort®

In a chafing dish, heat and stir cherries, juice, and syrup until thoroughly warm. Add Southern Comfort, stir. Ignite, and ladle slowly over individual servings of ice cream. Will serve 4 to 6





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Set of 8 glasses (12 oz. size) **$3.50**

2. DOUBLE OLD-FASHIONED

The generous host's all-purpose favorite. For highballs, on-the-rocks, even coolers.

Set of 8 glasses (15½ oz. size) **$3.50**

3. ON-THE-ROCKS GLASS

Smart new setting for drinks on-the-rocks, for mists, and even for generous frappés.

Set of 8 glasses (8 oz. size) PLUS matching 3 oz. Master Measure glass, all 9 only **$3.50**

4 MASTER MEASURE GLASS

This versatile single glass enables you to pour all of the correct measures. It is marked for ¾ oz. (½ jigger); 1½ oz. (jigger), 2 oz., and 3 oz.

Sold alone, each **50¢**

NEW! GAY COCKTAIL "STEAMBOAT" NAPKINS!



Cheery napkins color-mated to glasses in blue, gold, and black. Two plump packs of 40 each, for the price of postage and handling alone. $1.00 value. **25¢**

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Quantity					

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Turn Page Upside Down for Answers to the Bar Exam

1 1½ oz. 2. 25 6 oz. 3. False. You know your guests but most experts advise ¾ jiggers per person. 4. 4 6 drops. The housewife's dash is 1/6 teaspoon but that's too heavy for drinks. 5. False. The delightful Southern Comfort Manhattan is made with dry (French) vermouth. 6. False. Precise measurement is one secret of making successful drinks. 7. 2 fifths will make 35 drinks, sufficient for 4 plus *per* guest (with 's dividend *for the host*). 8. 8 10 oz. 9. False. To *chill* a glass, pack it with ice. To *frost* it, buy it in shaved ice or wet it and place in freezer. 10. Cranberry juice. 11. False. See "Tips from the Experts" in recipe guide. 12. False. A host's place is with his guests. The secret's in *"How to make 44 favorite party drinks."* 13. Finely granulated sugar. What most people call "powdered" sugar is actually confectioners sugar, which does not mix well. 14. False. Many party drinks are easily mixed in advance. The guide tells how, gives quantity recipes.

MAKES EVERY HOST A MASTER MIXER

Save this recipe guide and enjoy your own parties

If you enjoy parties—except when *you're* the host — if home entertaining is all work and no play because you're mixing drinks when you'd rather be mixing with your guests . . . cheer up! Help is here! Just tear out and save this handy mixing guide. Then use it next time you invite the crowd to the house. You'll not only be a master of mixing, but you'll start to have fun at your own parties . . . and be able to pass the bar exam at right!

With this practical guide, you don't have to wade through pages of strange recipes no one ever asks for, seeking *one* down-to-earth drink. Here are 44 of the drinks most guests request. You do not need to guess how many drinks in a fifth. The answer's at your fingertips, plus much other useful information. You'd like to mix a batch in advance, so you can mingle? It's easy. Quantity recipes and simple-to-follow directions are in the guide.

"*How to make 44 favorite party drinks*" is the latest and most complete of a series of recipe guides created as a service to every host and hostess who can't call in the club bartender. Dedicated to the home bartenders of America, it contains easy recipes for *all* kinds of drinks: whiskey, gin, vodka, rum, tequila, as well as suggestions for using Southern Comfort. These guides, containing all the recipes and information you need, have proved so popular that 82 million copies have been used since their introduction back in 1958. As a result, many a previously misguided mixologist is a more proficient host today!

Southern Comfort, as millions know, is a traditional drink that's winning dramatic new popularity. It comes from the gracious days of the Old South, when men had time for the finer things. One such New Orleans man-of-leisure, disturbed by the taste of even the *finest* whiskies, took time to "smooth his spirits" with some rare and delicious ingredients—and Southern Comfort was born. The formula for this unique and highly versatile liquor remains a family secret to this day. We think you'll find it as smooth and delightful as did its creator. Try a bottle today!

SOUTHERN COMFORT®

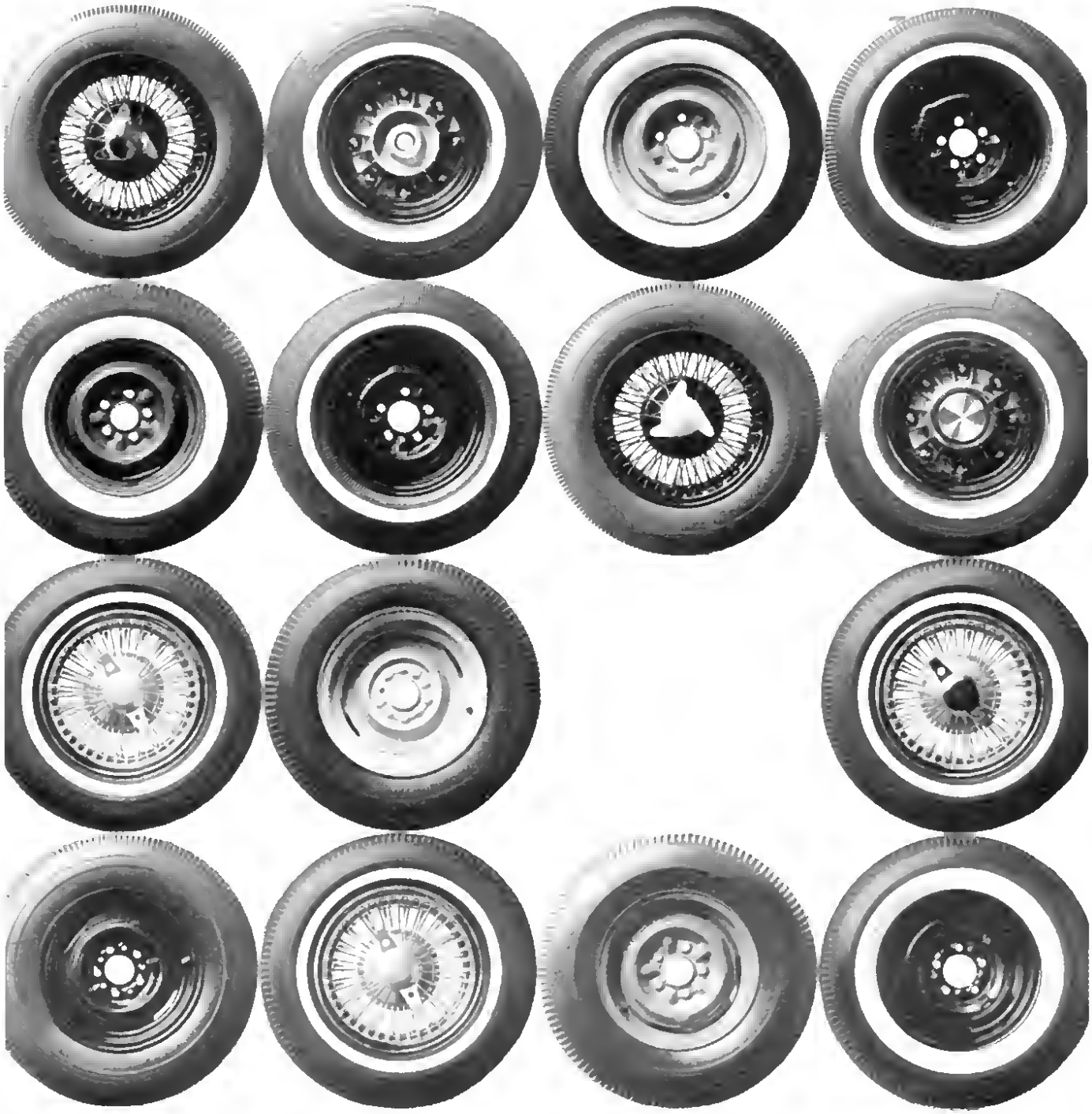
SEE IF YOU CAN PASS THIS

BAR EXAM

Bet your guests a drink they can't answer 10 of these questions:
(Answers at left under coupon)

1. *A jigger equals* ¾ oz. 1 oz. 1½ oz.
2. *A fifth of liquor contains* 22.5 oz. 25.6 oz. 28 oz.
3. *True or False. When planning a party, allow for two jiggers of liquor per person.* TRUE FALSE
4. *A "dash" is* 1/6 teaspoon 4-6 drops a good, vigorous shake of the bottle
5. *True or False. A Comfort* Manhattan is made with sweet (Italian) vermouth.* TRUE FALSE
6. *True or False. The experienced bartender never has to measure.* TRUE FALSE
7. *For a party of 8, have on hand at least:* 1 fifth 2 fifths 3 fifths.
8. *A "standard" highball glass holds* 5-6 oz. 8-10 oz. 11-12 oz.
9. *True or False. To frost a glass, you pack it with cracked ice.* TRUE FALSE
10. *A Scarlett O'Hara is made with Southern Comfort, lime, and which other juice?* orange cranberry cherry.
11. *True or False. Whether you shake or stir depends on preference.* TRUE FALSE
12. *True or False. A host's place is at the bar, mixing drinks.* TRUE FALSE
13. *When a Bartender says "powdered" sugar, he means* granulated finely-granulated confectioners'
14. *True or False. Drinks should never be mixed in advance.* TRUE FALSE

*Southern Comfort®



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ZERO KING

think it is good for Pakistan to be champion in squash."

Hashim, who lives alone in Detroit while his wife and seven children live with Azam and *his* eight children in London, was ruminating recently over the special qualities of the Khans that make them outstanding players. "Azam is having best drop shot," he said. "Mohibullah has biggest variety of shot-making and hits hardest ball. Azam has most determination to win. Hashim has thinking and experience. When opponent likes fast game, Hashim plays slow, when opponent likes slow, Hashim plays fast. Against big man, Hashim makes him stoop to floor with low shots. Against tennis player used to open tennis court, Hashim hits ball all the time very close to wall. Against Frank Sedgman, who rushes to front wall like tennis player rushing to net, Hashim gives plenty of lobs. Against player wearing glasses, Hashim gives many high shots, which he has difficulty seeing because of light overhead. When Hashim teaches, he emphasizes thinking."



TRICKY HASHIM was first of championship family to achieve international fame.

It is probably significant that in this summary Hashim made no mention of Roshan, whom some consider the best of all the Khans. In the 1958–59 season Roshan out-Hashimed Hashim by winning the British, Pakistan, U.S., Australian and Egyptian opens—and he is the only Khan, experts say, to have truly mastered the American game. The trouble is that Roshan stems from the other branch of the Khan family. His forebear was Abdul Majeed's contemporary, Said Ali Khan, who played the game with a long white beard that in no way bothered his kills. Because Hashim and Roshan each wish to see his side of the family at the top, a spirited rivalry results. Sometimes it leads to mayhem.

In 1956, down two games to none in the final of the Dunlop Open, Azam, who represents Hashim's side of the clan, hit Roshan in the mouth with his racket, knocking out five of Roshan's front teeth. Advised to default, Roshan, who seemed far less distressed than Azam over the mishap, took time out, lost two games but won the fifth for the championship. In the finals of the U.S. open that year, Roshan, having eliminated Salaun in the semifinal and leading Hashim one game to none, was cracked in the calf by a murderous smash off Hashim's racket. Unable to run, Roshan continued to play but lost in a rout. In the 1956 U.S. open, Roshan got his wrist in the way of Azam's racket twice and his right eye once. He managed to beat Azam, however.

When the Khans play non-Khans they rely on a vast repertoire of strokes—drop shots, lobs and so on. When they compete against one another, however, they generally hit straight down-the-wall shots on the presumption that it's foolish for a Khan to try to outfox a Khan. They play what is called "tight squash"—that is, they position themselves very close to one another, hitting the ball over the opponent's shoulder or around his back or from under his legs, sometimes stretched over or across him like a trellis vine. "When the Khans play one another," a British expert has commented, "they could be wearing the same pair of pants."

Over the last decade the Khans' influence on the style of play—particularly in England—has been tremendous. Their emphasis on power, flick shots, half-volleys and aggressive volleys rather than on pure stroking and careful placements has speeded up the game. A major Khan theory is to swat the ball back to an opponent so fast that he cannot get set for his shot.

The Khans themselves, besides having the endurance of Sherpas, are remarkable contortionists who seem able to cover remote corners of the court at lightning speed and sometimes appear to be going in two directions at once. Since

continued



Great action jacket, this "Dacron" and cotton! Light, rugged, and never a wrinkle. Wash 'n' wearable, too. Wear one—you'll agree: "Dacron" is a man's best friend!

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ZERO KING creates (Left) "Spray" with lining of 100% "Antron" nylon. About $20. (Center) "Swissaire" with action-knit underarm. About $20. (Right) "Wind Master" with storm collar and yoke. About $15. All in natural, pewter, blue, chamois, ivory, black, black-olive. See opposite page for nearest store.



the American game is a very fast game anyway, their influence has been less over here, but many American players and coaches have tried to borrow their tricks. Noting that Hashim and Mohibullah both choke their rackets, Diehl Mateer, considered America's finest player, once adopted the style only to find it weakened his shots. Since Hashim and Mohibullah hit some of the hardest balls in squash with their choked grips, their technique is apparently another Khan secret.

Squash to the Khans is not a game at all, but a sacred family trust. With single-minded zeal, they have learned to dominate it as no other family has ever dominated any sport, and a Khan would no more give away a point or a secret to a stranger than a Boston Brahmin would dip into the family capital.

Think ahead

Though never a great tournament player himself, Nazrullah Khan is considered to be the greatest of all the Khans teaching the game, and is, in a sense, the family philosopher. Relaxed and articulate, Nazrullah has made London's Junior Carlton Club a mecca for young players wishing to absorb his ideas about the relationship between squash, geometry and chess. Nazrullah believes the squash player should concentrate on two things: the shot being played and the tactical position he is trying to build up four or five shots hence—but he should always be aware that his opponent's next shot (like an unforeseen move in chess) may destroy the pattern he is trying to set up and force him to start all over.

Nazrullah's explanation of why the Khans are so good is that they start to play so young that they develop a phenomenal sense of anticipation. "They get to know by instinct," he says, "the shot their opponent will be forced to make nine times out of 10, and, thinking ahead, can race for the spot to which it will rebound almost before the shot is hit."

Not long ago, Azam Khan was asked how long he thought the family would dominate squash. His eyes brightened as he presumably thought about young members of the vast clan in Peshawar, Karachi and London arriving early at squash courts for free, expert instruction, consecrating themselves to the game the Khans have taken for their own. "Maybe forever," he said. **END**

More than my heart sank when I took a logger's dare!



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

1. "I assumed I'd be a spectator during Logging Champion Time in Vancouver," writes Jerry Hansen, an American friend of Canadian Club. "But when a logger dared me to joust, I could either confess to cold feet or risk an icy bath. I took the challenge. He led me to the Sooke River, teeth-chattering cold all year. We stepped onto one of four fastened logs. Someone handed me a long, unwieldy pole, tipped with burlap. My only chance was to get in a quick, surprise thrust.







2. "We got set. Then a voice yelled, *Go!* The logger came on, sure-footed as a Cheshire cat—and grinning just as wide. I hefted my weapon awkwardly. Then he feinted with his shoulder. Automatically, I leaned back. He handled his pole like a cue stick as he lunged.

3. "Reeling, I tried to get my guard up. He crouched, then sent his pole at my shoulder with a marksman's accuracy. My feet shot out—a split second later I was up to my neck in icy waters! Shivering, I scrambled back to the log, to the laughter of the audience. The whole contest took no longer than 30 seconds.

By Appointment
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Suppliers of Canadian Club Whisky
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
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4. "I changed clothes and we went to the Sooke Harbour House where we toasted with our favorite whisky . . . Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? No other whisky in the world rewards you with such distinctive flavor—because no other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. World's lightest whisky, too . . . you can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Try Canadian Club tonight.

Canadian Club **6 years old • Imported in bottle from Canada**

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No hood.

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So even a tiny parking spot can hold a wagon big enough for the kids to stand up and walk around in.

Or a playpen to be opened in.



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Without playpens, 8 adults fit nicely (The number of kids that fit has never really been settled.)

If you're big on sunshine and fresh air, the VW's sun-roof will interest you.

It slides way, 'way back and stirs up a cool breeze (Other wagons don't seem to have sun-roofs. Funny thing.)

Skiers will appreciate the rear engine's terrific traction.

Millionaires may not care, but the VW's gas economy is really something. (About 25 m.p.g., give or take a mile or two.)

Above all, you'll find that the VW Station Wagon is just plain fun to drive.

It handles like a sports bus.



Edward Plunket Taylor has mixed beer, the Bahamas and horses into a

MILLIONAIRE'S BREW

by Robert Boyle

At first glance, Edward Plunket Taylor, a 61-year-old Canadian industrialist and sportsman, would seem the perfect type to play the villain in the film version of an Eric Ambler thriller. A big, balding man with a Sydney Greenstreet chuckle, Taylor has a thick portfolio of international holdings ranging from timber to tractors. To make the rounds of his empire, he flies a quarter of a million miles a year, much of it in his own turboprop Vickers Viscount. It is easy to visualize Taylor, as played by Greenstreet, pressing a button (closeup of a well-manicured hand) and barking, "Europe marches tonight!" Toward the end of the film the hero, played by Cary Grant, would trap Taylor in the Tyrol and exclaim with proper amazement, "So *you're* Mr. Big!"

Taylor, pointing his pipe (really a pistol) at Grant: "Very clever of you, sir. Ho, ho, ho!" (Sound of shots, fadeout, start of chase sequence in funicular.)

Alas, life only imitates art up to a point, and "Eddie" Taylor is no such villain at all. He is a tycoon, all right, but his fortune rests on a base of beer, not bullets. Instead of Europe marching, Canada burps. Thanks to Taylor, Canada also bets; he is the Dominion's leading patron of Thoroughbred racing. In fact, he is the Dominion's leading anything when it comes to the turf. For instance, in 1960 he was the leading breeder of winners in all North America. Not all the winners raced in the turquoise and gold colors of Windfields Farm, Taylor's stable; he likes to share his bounty. Each September he holds a private sale of all the yearlings bred on his stud farm near Oshawa, Ontario. Previous buyers get first crack, and they can buy any yearlings they wish as long as they meet Taylor's price tag. There is no haggling. All sales are take it or leave it. After a stipulated number of the yearlings have been sold, Taylor halts the sale and keeps the leavings. He does quite well with them. Four years ago no buyer wanted Victoria Park, priced at $12,500. Taylor kept him, and before the colt was retired to Oshawa last year he had finished third in the Kentucky Derby, won the Queen's Plate (Canada's own version of the Derby) and $250,076 in purses, the alltime record for a Canadian horse. Taylor was pleased by Victoria Park's performance but not particularly surprised. Horses bred by him have won 10 of the last 13 Queen's Plate races. The winner last June was the Taylor-bred Blue Light, owned by Colonel K. R. Marshall, the chairman of The Jockey Club, Ltd. The victory was worth $46,620 but, more important, it was the colonel's first Plate win in 50 years of trying. He had paid Taylor only $7,500 for Blue Light in the 1959 yearling sale.

If Eddie Taylor had never had success in breeding or racing horses, he would still be the most important man in Canadian turf circles, for one very good reason. He is the president of The Jockey Club, Ltd. Ten years ago, when Ontario racing was strictly bush league, the province had seven tracks, all third-rate, that scrambled for the choice dates. By the time they had finished carving up the calendar, not one could make money. As a result, the purses were miserable, the

continued

John G. Zimmerman

Taylor's big moment comes as he escorts Queen Elizabeth II to the winner's circle at Woodbine for presentation after the 1959 Queen's Plate. His horse had just won the race.

quality of racing poor and the public fed up. Taylor swooped down upon the tracks, killed off five, rebuilt two and erected a new Woodbine for $13 million.

One of the tracks that Taylor bought and rebuilt was Fort Erie, purchased from John Cella of St. Louis. "Taylor has an abnormally keen mind that gets right to the heart of things in seconds," Cella says. "He has an enormous amount of drive.

"I remember I was sitting at home on a Saturday night when the phone rang. It was Taylor calling from Toronto. He said, 'You don't know me, but I'd like to buy your racetrack at Fort Erie. How much do you want?' I named a figure, and he said, 'That's a little more than I anticipated, but I think we can meet it. Mr. Cella, have your lawyer in my office Monday morning.' The deal was made in three minutes over the phone. I never met the man until six months later."

Each of the three tracks now has a long and profitable season, patrons can watch in comfort and horsemen are delighted with the increased purses. Taylor expects the new Woodbine, which now attracts a peak crowd of 30,000, to pull in 75,000 to 100,000 in 10 or 15 years' time. As one knowing U.S. horseman recently remarked, Taylor is "the greatest single force in any country's racing since Admiral Rous." The admiral, it may be recalled, controlled the British Jockey Club for most of the 19th century and instituted the weight-for-age handicap scale used today.

Besides his interest in racing, Taylor is a major figure in developing the resort possibilities of the Bahamas. He bought a 4,000-acre chunk of New Providence island, and there he has built the largest private yacht harbor in the world for the residential colony of Lyford Cay, one of the most lavish vacation communities anywhere.

In every field Taylor operates in an unusual fashion. When at home in Toronto, he disdains a downtown office and works instead in the gatehouse of his 600-acre estate, Windfields Farm, where his horses are kept in training. After breakfast and a brisk horseback ride, he spends the morning receiving reports from five key aides assigned to look after his business interests, horses and Lyford Cay. A reticent man, he modestly uses the editorial "we" instead of "I" in conversation to play down his power and influence, and he does his best to avoid the press, most of which he privately detests because it has attacked him as a monopolist. "My friends say that the press doesn't 'get' me," Taylor recently remarked. "They're right. The press doesn't."

Taylor's knack of turning a dollar may derive from a formative teen-age year he spent living with his maternal grandfather, Charles Magee, a small-time wheeler dealer who dabbled in Ottawa beer and real estate. During this period Taylor picked up the habit of studying the agate type in the financial pages each morning. After a year of schooling in England, where he accompanied his father, Colonel Plunket Taylor, during World War I, he enrolled at McGill University in Montreal to study mechanical engineering. He helped put himself through by inventing a toaster, but by the time he received his B.S. in 1922 he had decided to pass up engineering in favor of finance.

Though he had no money of his own, Taylor did have ideas. He returned to Ottawa, where he got backing for a metered-cab company, the first in the city, and a suburban bus line. When the going got tough, Taylor served as a relief driver. He sold out both interests at a profit and joined his father in working for a firm of investment bankers.

Taylor did so well that he skipped

continued



Usually cool and collected, Taylor jumps up as the horses hit the wire in a close race at Woodbine last summer. His horse lost. At right, Mrs. Taylor, the former Winifred Duguid, whom he married in 1927, remains calm and seated.

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E. P. TAYLOR *continued*

right over his father's head and into the main office in Toronto. There he prospered to such an extent that he became a partner at the age of 27. Taylor was then making at least $1,000 for each year of his life, fulfilling a pledge he had made to himself when he left McGill. Even so, he was restless. He was doing what a host of other successful men had done and he found it wasn't exciting. The impulse to do something creative, to engineer something new, as he had done in a small way with the toaster at McGill, won out. He took a leave of absence from the firm to oversee one of his grandfather's small holdings, Brading Breweries, Ltd.

This was hardly a great opportunity. The company was sinking fast in its own suds. Canada had scores of other small breweries, most of them on the way to bankruptcy; and among them all, they poured hundreds of brands into a shrinking market. No one could make a dime: prohibition in the U.S. and restrictive laws at home had all but made Canada dry. A believer in bigness, Taylor took the course he was later to pursue with Ontario's seven rickety racetracks: he began borrowing to buy up competitors. He merged the companies into a giant of his own creation, the Brewing Corp. of Canada, later changing the name to Canadian Breweries, Ltd. Ever sensitive to monopoly charges, Taylor thought the name had "more soul."

It was touch and go during the early years. Canadian bankers looked askance at Taylor's big but weak giant, and he had to get backing from abroad. The turning point came in 1934, when Ontario legalized taverns. Today Canadian Breweries is the largest beer company in the world, and Taylor's influence has spread south of the border with Carling's, a subsidiary he picked up in the Depression for a $600,000 mortgage. Carling's now ranks fifth in sales by U.S. breweries (behind Anheuser-Busch, Schlitz, Pabst and Falstaff).

At present Taylor is trying to get a good grip on the British market. The brewing industry there is in the same chaotic state that existed in Canada during the '30s. Amalgamation, to use Taylor's favorite word, must come, and he wants to be the amalgamator. He stands a good chance, too, if only because the taste of British pubgoers is turning away from black, bitter ale to the light and brighter lager favored in the U.S. and Canada.

A segment of the British press has been hostile to Taylor. One reporter wrote that Taylor was "the big bad bogeyman of the brewing business" who lacked the sense and grace to "realize that you can do many things to an Englishman—raise his taxes, heft shop prices, even steal his wife—just so long as you don't interfere with his beer." Such a story only increases Taylor's contempt for what he calls the "gutter press." Curiously, Taylor doesn't seem to mind that his son, Charles, 27, is a free-lance journalist in London. In fact, he and his wife, Winifred, listen to an occasional morning broadcast Charles does from there for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. "We can tell whether he has a cold," Taylor says, always the practical businessman.

During World War II, Taylor served as the dollar-a-year chief of the British purchasing mission in Washington. His career was uneventful save for a December torpedoing off Iceland early in the war while on the way to consult with Lord Beaverbrook, Churchill's Minister of Supply. Taylor survived the dunking by donning an Abercombie & Fitch duck-hunting suit that he had bought to meet just such an emergency and, except for the fact that the damn zipper snagged, he passed a comfortable 12 hours adrift in a lifeboat before being rescued by a passing freighter.

The war over, Taylor returned to Toronto, his mind on bigger things than beer. With three partners, he set up the Argus Corporation, Ltd., a holding company, and as part of his contribution tossed in Canadian Breweries. Besides the breweries, Argus has a major voice in the control of five of Canada's biggest companies. Last year those six did $1.6 billion worth of business, roughly 4% of Canada's gross national product.

With Argus launched, Taylor turned to racing, which he had entered in a minor way as an owner in the middle '30s. He bought 1,200 acres of land 20 minutes from downtown Toronto, set half of it aside for his home and training farm and peeled off the remainder gradually at prices up to a very profitable $25,000 an acre. Taylor modestly explains this tidy coup now by saying that he had foreseen that the suburbs would expand in the direction of his farm. The

continued

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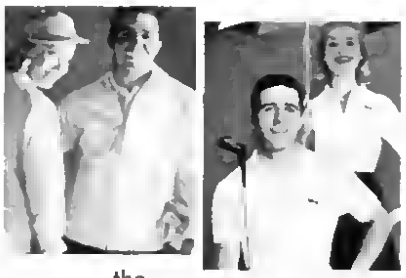
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Eugene, **Baxter & Henning**
Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, **Gimbel's***
Pittsburgh, **Kaufmann's**
Rhode Island
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fact is, Taylor practically made Toronto grow in that direction by building Don Mills, a community of 25,000, between the city and the farm.

At the same time Taylor was acquiring land for a breeding farm in Oshawa. Some 35 miles from Toronto, Oshawa is a bit too far away to become a suburb. The farm now totals 1,700 acres and, despite the name (National Stud Farm), it belongs to Taylor, not to Canada. (Of course, there are those who argue Taylor owns Canada.) About half of the 175 head of horses at Oshawa are his; the rest belong to smaller breeders who lack adequate facilities.

"We can raise horses as good as any country in the world," says Gil Darlington, the manager of the farm and one of Taylor's key aides. "It's the raising of the horse that counts. You can breed a $10,000 stud to a good mare, and if you don't raise the foal right, you don't get a good racehorse. You can take a stud here that stands for only $1,000, breed him to the same mare, raise the foal properly and get a better racehorse." Even now, Victoria Park's sire, Chop Chop, stands for only $1,500.

The high point in Taylor's turf career thus far came in 1959 when he escorted Queen Elizabeth to Woodbine for the 100th running of the Plate. After the race, in which Taylor had entered New Providence, a 6-to-1 shot, he escorted the Queen across a red carpet to the infield, where he momentarily changed roles from president of The Jockey Club to the owner of the winner. New Providence had scored a 1½-length victory. After accepting the Queen's congratulations and the traditional leather purse containing 50 gold guineas, Taylor again became president of The Jockey Club and, to the cheers of the crowd, proudly escorted the Queen back to the royal box.

Taylor's Bahamian venture at Lyford Cay promises to be every bit as successful as his racing career. He first became interested while on vacation in Nassau in the early '50s. A group of local businessmen had their eyes on the area, and they wanted Taylor to come in with them. He was a logical partner: he was then well embarked in building Don Mills. Taylor demurred. "I told them I was in the Bahamas for a holiday," he says. "But as I spent more time there I realized the possibilities. I said I would do it if they would sell out to me. It was not suitable for partnership in view of the long-range development I had in mind. I had a five-year plan, and we started work in November of 1956."

The $2 million golf course and the $3 million golf clubhouse came first. Much of the land under both was marshy, rich black soil. Bulldozers scooped it out and stockpiled it near by. Engineers blasted out a huge section of a spiny coral ridge south of the proposed course and used that for fill. The marshy soil was then spread on top, and the result was beautiful fairways. The residential clubhouse, salmon-pink Bahamian Colonial, has 50 guest rooms, each with a view of the sea. The cuisine is French and is, Taylor's brochure boasts, "greatly praised by guests." In addition to both clubhouses and the golf course, Lyford Cay now has a servants' building where accommodations can be had for one's chauffeur, valet and/or personal maid. There is also a shopping center, a bank, an antique shop, a laundry, an elementary school, a shrub nursery growing all sorts of rare tropical flora, a skeet range, tennis courts, 70 windmills pumping water from 420 wells, 500 building lots, a company of private guards and a Church of England chapel donated by Taylor himself. The fishing is superb (there is no off season in the Bahamas), and golden beaches gird the cay. For year-round residents, Lyford Cay also offers the allure of no income tax.

The 15-acre yacht harbor has been completed, and 50 yachts have visited there this season. Membership fees are low (the initiation fee is only $560), but the price of building lots is high, up to $70,000. Although a member is not required to buy a lot and build, many do. At present there are slightly more than 600 members. They include Henry Ford II, CBS Board Chairman William Paley, New York Yankee Owner Dan Topping and the Earl of Carnarvon.

Taylor, as usual, expects to turn a profit on the venture. When all the lots are sold, he will still own the utilities. Moreover, he has developed only 1,000 acres, and he has another 3,000 adjoining to play with. "I like everything I do," he says. "I don't do anything I don't like." Eddie Taylor has little reason to feel otherwise. **END**

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That staff, by the way, was good enough to form a team that would have been a seeded entry in any national championship, for I was seconded by my favorite partner, Helen Sobel, as well as Harold Ogust and A. Mitchell Barnes. It was somewhat of a surprise, therefore, that when we played a challenge match in Curaçao against the champions of the Netherlands Antilles, the first half ended in an exact tie, each team having scored 21 International Match Points. In the second half, however, our greater international experience made itself felt, and we won by a score of 76-34, thanks in part to Ogust's play on the deal shown at right.

According to the book, North should pass the opening spade bid, but he elected to keep the bidding open in deference

to partner's fourth-hand position in the auction. Once he bid, there was no way to get off the hook below game.

East won the first trick with the ace of spades and, for his return lead, made the costly choice of a low diamond. Ogust won with the queen, cashed the heart ace and J trumped a heart in dummy. That put the lead in dummy and enabled him to repeat the successful diamond finesse. Next declarer cashed his minor suit aces and exited with the heart jack, won by West's queen.

West tried to get out of the box that was closing in around him by leading

Neither side vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH
♠ Q 3
♥ 6
♦ 10 8 4 3
♣ Q 10 9 8 5 2

WEST
♠ J 10 9 7 4
♥ Q 8 3
♦ 9 7 6
♣ K 7

EAST
♠ A
♥ K 9 5 4 2
♦ K 5 2
♣ J 6 4 3

SOUTH
♠ K 8 6 5 2
♥ A J 10 7
♦ A Q J
♣ A

WEST (*Berend*)	NORTH (*Barnes*)	EAST (*Goetzee*)	SOUTH (*Ogust*)
PASS	PASS	PASS	1 ♠
PASS	1 N T	PASS	3 ♥
PASS	3 ♠	PASS	4 ♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: jack of spades

the spade 10, but Ogust ducked the trick. West used up his last escape card when he led the club king. South ruffed and nailed up the box by leading the heart 10. Not only did West have to trump his partner's trick, but he had to concede the last two trump tricks to Ogust's king-8 and the contract went down only one trick.

At the other table, where Helen Sobel was East and I was West, North also elected to keep the bidding open and chose to do so with a bid of two clubs. South jumped to three no trump. Against the same opening lead of the spade jack, he played dummy's queen. Helen won with the ace and shifted to a heart. I got the heart queen and played the 10 of spades to drive out the king.

After that, declarer had to operate entirely from his own hand and wound up going down three tricks. The gain of 100 points on the net result at the two tables was worth 3 International Match Points to the floating Americans. END



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MOTOR SPORTS / *Kenneth Rudeen*

Lightning failed to strike Ferrari

Though many fell by Sebring's wayside, two of the great Italian cars stayed the course to win an unprecedented one-two victory

As baseball has its Yankee haters, auto racing counts fans who are not partial to the mighty Ferrari cars. Those who love to loathe have in common a desire to see the high and lordly reduced a notch or two, and for a time last Saturday during the rousing 12-hour endurance race at Sebring in the Florida midlands it looked as though Providence had taken sides against the world-famous Italian factory, builder of the championship sports and Grand Prix cars last year and a mighty good bet to repeat in 1962.

In fantastic succession, through Sebring's long hours of bright, balmy sunshine and on into the starlit evening, Ferrari after Ferrari sickened mechanically or suffered some other setback. In the last two hours just a pair of topflight contenders for major prizes remained. But, despite warm pleas from the disaffected, lightning did not strike these cars, and first across the finish line was the long-nosed red racer of Sweden's bearded driver, Joakim Bonnier, and Italian-born Lucien Bianchi, who sports a mustache. All in all they traveled 1,071 miles at an average speed of 89.142 mph.

The car-babying touch

Ten laps behind but still ahead of any other contenders came the elegant, gray Grand Touring Ferrari co-driven by America's world champion, Phil Hill, and his longtime sports car sidekick, Olivier Gendebien, the suave and courtly Belgian. Men who make their own lightning and shave their faces clean, Hill and Gendebien are the reigning masters of the light, car-babying touch; they had each won the Sebring race three times before.

The overall victory of Bonnier and Bianchi added, of course, to the great stature of shrewd old Enzo Ferrari as a builder of racing cars. This year, however, the remarkably high GT finish of Hill and Gendebien gave him something of greater value. Under the new rules of the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile it was the Grand Touring car, not the prototype sports racer, that won points toward the manufacturers' world championship.

Thus the Hill-Gendebien triumph was the more important one on paper, but there was no question where the greater drama lay. The fact is, the public prefers sports racers with the driver plainly visible, not obscured by a roof, and with a full-blooded exhaust roar rather than GT's muted thunder. And on Saturday, when the 65 cars lined up for Sebring's Le Mans start, the situation was dramatic indeed. Two new rear-engined V-12 sports racers from the works of Ferrari's archrival, Maserati, and a British Cooper with a rear-mounted four-cylinder Maserati engine were ready to do battle with six violent Ferrari prototypes. This was the kind of high-blooded scrap the public came to see.

America's Walt Hansgen and Dick Thompson manned one new Maserati, entered by the Connecticut sportsman Briggs Cunningham. An Italian pair, Nino Vaccarella and Carlo Abate, took the other. The Cooper-Maserati, also Cunningham's, was given to America's

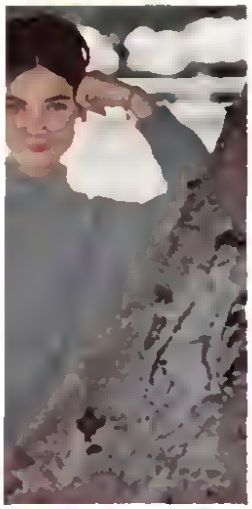
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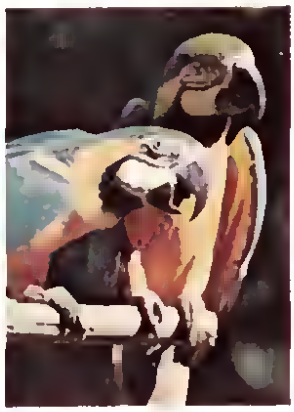


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Roger Penske and New Zealand's fine Grand Prix driver Bruce McLaren.

The Ferrari assets were decidedly sounder. Bonnier had tried out one of the Maseratis and admired its great speed, but elected in the end to put his faith in the Ferrari's proved staying power. Britain's Stirling Moss and Scotland's Innes Ireland drove an identical V-12; they had first been assigned a rear-engined Ferrari—one with the firm's new V-8 engine—but rejected it as unproved. The hard-charging Rodriguez kids from Mexico, Ricardo, 20 (SI, March 26), and Pedro, 22, drew a rear-engined V-6; the American Bob Grossman and Allen Connell a front-engined V-6; the American youngsters Peter Ryan and John Fulp, both 21, the new V-8. Finally, there was the older V-12 of the rugged George Constantine, stout, gray-haired but still a leadfoot at age 43.

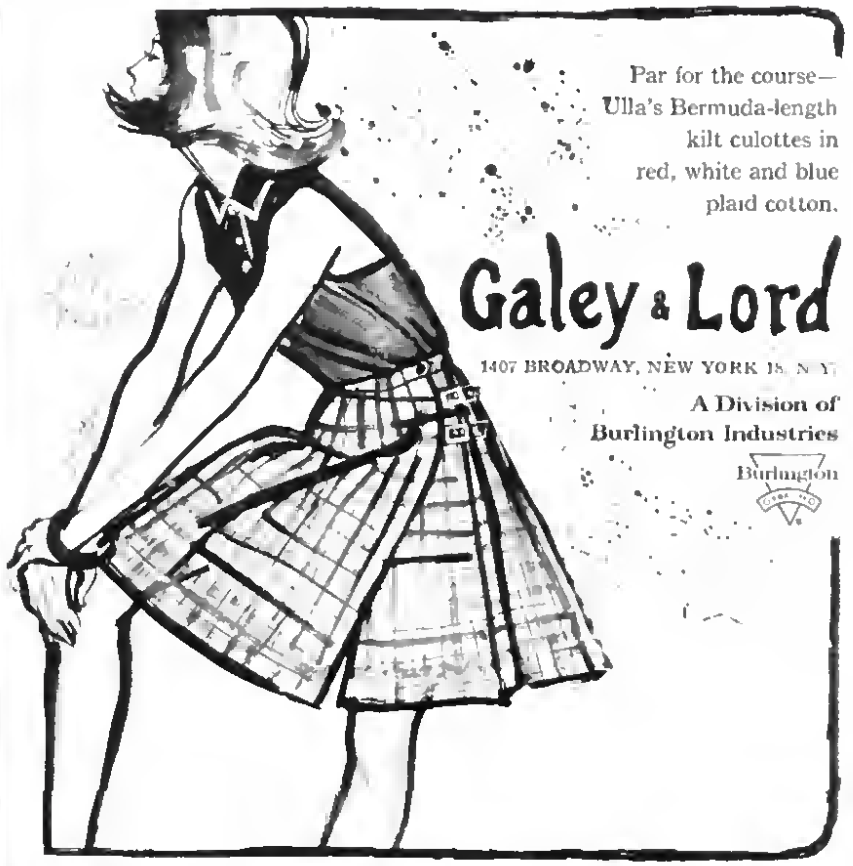
Among the other sports racers adding to Sebring's color were two homebred Chaparrals, Corvette-powered and built by Texas' Jim Hall, reduced in displacement *from six to four liters to fit Sebring* requirements. While they were a treat to American eyes, running in the top 10 early in the race, they could not challenge the top Italian cars. Both Chaparrals suffered mechanical trouble, but in the end one of them finished handsomely in sixth place. Nor did the seven American Corvettes in the field have a prayer against the all-conquering Ferrari GTs.

Go-go-go from Mexico

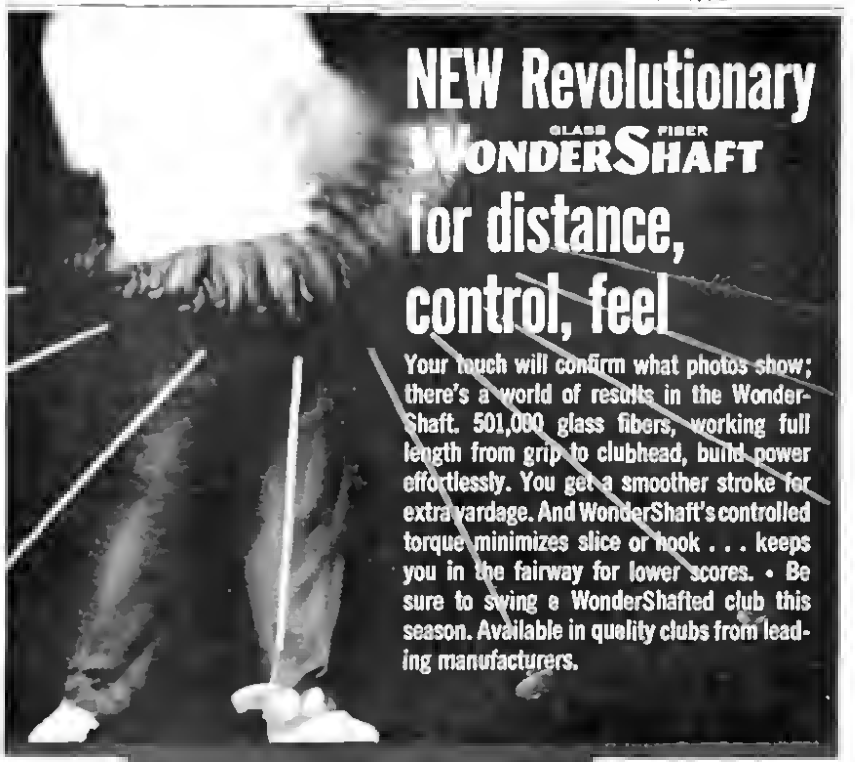
The race evolved into three main phases. The first belonged to the go-go-go Rodriguez boys. For five glorious hours Pedro and Ricardo were out in front more often than not, putting on a spirited show—perhaps too spirited for an endurance grind. Moss and Ireland in their Ferrari took the lead from time to time, and McLaren and Penske in their Maserati-powered Cooper appeared to be successfully working a strategy that aimed at jumping way out ahead by taking fewer refueling stops than the Ferraris. The theory was sound; the trouble was that the Cooper-Maserati spent ruinous amounts of time having brakes and generator repaired when it did come into the pits. It ultimately finished a remarkable fifth despite all the time lost, which bespeaks superb driving.

The first Ferrari to be stricken, in

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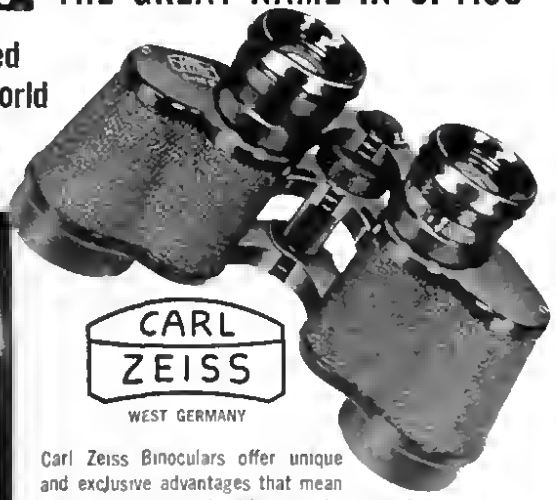
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this Rodriguez-dominated phase, was George Constantine's veteran V-12—it broke an axle. The new V-12 Maseratis—as brittle as Bonnier feared they might be—bowed out, too. Then the Ryan-Fulp Ferrari ran out of fuel on the course and went hopelessly behind. And in midafternoon, when Pedro was driving, the engine in the Rodriguez Ferrari suddenly seized up. The valiant Pedro tried pushing it for 1,000 yards or so, but it was a hopeless case.

That ended phase one of the race; there were now three Ferraris left, with Moss and Ireland commandingly in the lead in one of them. Bonnier and Bianchi, who had been tooling along quietly all day up close to the leaders, were a mere two laps behind in second place in theirs. And Ricardo and Pedro, as ready to race as ever, took over the third-place Grossman-Connell Ferrari—only to have the hard-worked engine in that car blow two hours before the race's end.

A flap with the stewards

Like two red Indians left of the original six, the Moss-Ireland and Bonnier-Bianchi Ferraris sped along—until Moss's finest chance to triumph at Sebring since his 1954 victory (in an Italian OSCA) evaporated in a raneorous flap with the pit stewards. The race was in its eighth hour when it was definitely established that an inexperienced mechanic had refueled the car illegally during a stop made merely to have the brakes adjusted. Sebring's rules stipulate 20 laps between refueling, and the stewards stuck to them. That left Bonnier and Bianchi with nearly five hours to go and clear sailing, but they still had to sweat out a clutch that had been slipping since the very first lap. "I never thought," said Bonnier afterward, as well-wishers milled around him, "that we'd make it."

Hill and Gendebien, although they appeared to be floating along with not a problem in the world as they moved toward their GT victory, actually were sweating, too. The legs of their bucket seat had snapped in the third hour, and from then on they skimmed through by cinching extra tight a shoulder harness that kept the seat precariously in place.

"It was nothing," said Gendebien as he sauntered toward the finish to watch Hill soft-shoe the good, brave GT car home. "The way we were driving, we could go for another 12 hours." **END**



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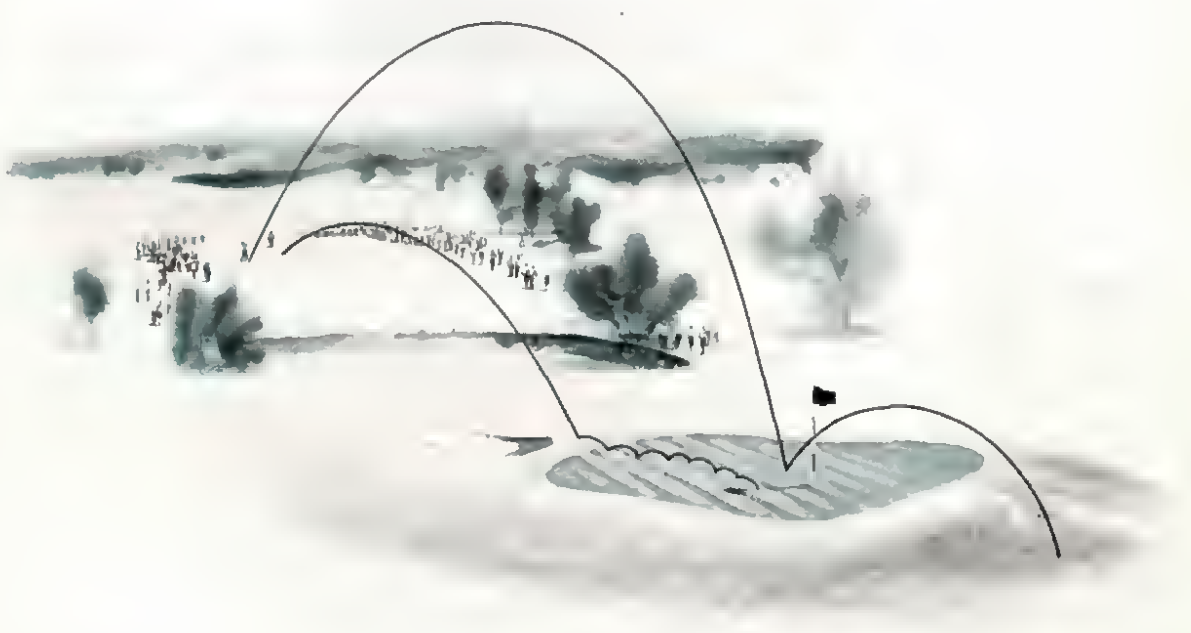
Watch, learn and punch



Following through on punched short-iron shot, Nicklaus' hands do not roll over but move out toward target.

When you are in the fortunate position of being able to watch an opponent hit to the green first, whether in match or stroke play, be alert to take full advantage of the opportunity. Try to determine what club he is using, observe the flight of the ball and what happens to it when it lands. It was just such close attention to Charlie Coe's approach shot to the very last green that helped me win the 1959 National Amateur at Broadmoor. On the 36th hole of our final-round match both Charlie and I had driven perfectly. I was six feet ahead of him, however, so it was up to him to hit first. Using an eight-iron, Charlie hit what appeared to be an excellent shot right at the pin, placed at the rear of the green. But the ball didn't take well on the unexpectedly hard green, and it bounded over the back edge. I actually had an eight-iron in my hand too before I saw how hard the green was. I put it away and switched to a nine-iron. With this club I hit a low punch shot, playing the ball to land on the front of the green and roll to the back. It did exactly that, stopping eight feet from the cup. To play this punch-and-run shot correctly the ball should be positioned back near the right foot. The face of the blade should be square to the target and kept that way as much as possible throughout the swing. At impact the hands do not roll over but lead the club through and out toward the target. Charlie hit a beautifully delicate little pitch back that almost went into the cup, but I then proceeded to hole my eight-footer and win the championship. If I had been first to hit to the green, or had not paid such close attention to Charlie's shot, the result probably would have been different.

Drawings by Francis Golden





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Mantle and Maris in the Movies

by
ROBERT
CREAMER

There's this little kid, see, and he's crazy about Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris. He and his father—his mother is dead—live on this boat in Florida. But they used to live in New York, and so one day in the Little League the kid boasts that he knows Mantle and Maris, and he says that he'll get them to come to the Little League banquet they're about to have. Now he's in the soup, because he's lying, see? He really doesn't know Mantle and Maris at all. So

Continued

Amused Actor Mantle grins at his hecklers as bearded Guy Del Russo puts on his makeup.

Photographs by Terry Toole

the kid runs away and goes down to the New York Yankees' spring training camp in Fort Lauderdale and he manages to meet Mantle and Maris and he explains what happened and he asks them to get him off the hook. But they tell him, no, they won't come to the banquet because Babe Ruth in *The Babe Comes Home*, Lou Gehrig in *Rawhide*, Jack Dempsey in *Manhattan Madness*. True, the plot has a familiar ring: kid gets in trouble, kid runs away, kid is befriended by gruff but kindly hero who solves his problem, kid ends up smiling with happiness as his appearance, designed to draw the crowds while the celebrity is still of red-hot interest to the public. Tom Naud, the dark-visaged, good-looking, 35-year-old producer of the film, says the idea came to him last summer. "Every headline you saw said M & M," he said in Fort



Little Leaguers who appear in the film jam around a slightly daunted Mantle (left) and Maris.

he has told a lie. So then the kid goes back home and bravely admits that he lied, and then Roger and Mickey invite the whole damn Little League down to Lauderdale to watch spring training and everything comes out O.K. Oh, it ought to make a hell of a picture, a real grabber.

Safe at Home!, starring Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris, is a Naud-Hamilburg production (their first), a Columbia Pictures Corp. release (their 1,706th), a classic B picture. It was designed for cheap, quick filming, an April release date and a fast buck. It is not quite the same sort of thing as *Twist Around the Clock*, which is known in the trade as *Son of Rock Around the Clock*. It is in a grander tradition, in the hereditary line of epics like

Still, it *is* different. There are two gruff but kindly heroes instead of one—three, if you count William Frawley, who plays a Yankee coach—and the trouble the boy gets into is in the contemporary, downbeat mode—it's all in his mind.

Essentially, the movie is like all movies starring nonacting celebrities: it's a guest

Lauderdale a few weeks ago during the filming of the picture. "You couldn't buy that kind of publicity for a million dollars." Naud, a television man (in the past an associate producer of the Dave Garroway and Steve Allen shows, among others), had presented NBC's *Salute to Baseball* in 1957, which may have helped light the Maris-Mantle movie idea in his mind. He called Frank Scott, the ballplayers' agent, and sounded him out about a movie. Even now, Naud smiles in bemused amazement because no one else had suggested the idea to Scott. "It seemed so obvious," he says.

Scott was interested. Naud then talked to Mitch Hamilburg, a burly, bespectacled man who runs a talent agency in

Hollywood and who has had considerable experience dealing with people in the movie business. Naud and Hamilburg joined forces—Naud as the idea man, Hamilburg as the business-detail half of the partnership—and Columbia Pictures agreed to finance the film. Naud worked up an outline of the story they proposed. Scott didn't like it. "It had the boys cast as deaf and dumb brothers," he said indignantly in Fort Lauderdale. "I turned that one down right away. I think the movie people were afraid the boys were too stupid to learn lines. You know—that they'd be safer if they had nothing to say. You've seen them before the cameras here. They're not so bad. They're pretty good. I couldn't afford to have them in something that made them look like dopes." Naud tried again. "This one was better," Scott said, "because the boys played themselves." (*Mickey*: What's your name, son? *Hutch* (slowly): Hutch. *Roger*: Well, Hutch, what are you doing here?) "So we were interested, and then they came up with a finished script and we liked it.

"It wasn't so much a sport story as it was a kid story. Sport movies never do very well, as a rule, but this one was different. Mickey and Roger hadn't been too enthusiastic about doing a movie, but they liked it, too, and the Yankees gave their O.K. That was back in November, and we worked out a deal."

It was quite a deal. Scott, who doesn't let excessive modesty interfere with business, says that while he isn't positive he's pretty sure it's the biggest money deal any ballplayer, and maybe anybody in sport, has ever made. "At first they just wanted to give us a guarantee," he said. "But while I always insist on a guarantee I want a percentage, too, in case a thing goes over big. In clothing tie-ups, anything. We asked a guarantee of $25,000 each, against 25% —or 12½% each—of the net profits. I figured that Naud and Hamilburg would be getting 50% of the net from Columbia, and I thought the boys should get half of that. [Columbia actually retains only 40% of the net.] I talked to the vice-president of another movie company, a close personal friend of mine, and I told him what I was asking for. I said did he think it was a good deal. He said if you can get it, it's a hell of a deal."

No one knows now what the net profits will be, of course. Tom Naud, watching his two stalwarts acting before the camera in Florida, shook his head, chuckling, and said, "All I know is, these two guys can make a fabulous amount of money out of this. A lot more than they're making from baseball this year." At worst, they will have to bite their lips and fight back their tears and be content with a lousy 25 grand each.

Roger has made so far about $120,000 from last summer's big home-run splurge, Mickey about half that. But if *Safe at Home!* were to do a $2 million gross the movie alone could bring them each about $125,000—more, indeed, than either is making from baseball this year. Or any other year. "Our next picture is going to be a western," said Mickey, grinning at the ease of it all.

Of course it wasn't that easy. Nobody works harder than movie people, despite the hallowed myth that they lead lives of hedonistic luxury and comfort. Every morning during the 10 days of shooting in Fort Lauderdale the movie troupe was up at 6, out of the motel at 7 and on location well before 8, and so were Mantle and Maris on the days they were needed. Much of the film has an outdoor locale—a boat, a dock, a Little League field, the Yankees' training site—and so shooting went on all day long each day, with a half-hour break for lunch, until sundown. And then, on several occasions, they went on working far into the evening, doing the various night sequences.

The first day Mantle and Maris actually went before the cameras was for publicity shots—trailers, as they're known to movie people—that would be shown to distributors and Columbia salesmen all over the country. Mantle and Maris sat patiently in the third-base dugout as Guy Del Russo, the bearded makeup artist, gave them a glowing artificial tan. Then they went out to home plate, the focus of most of the publicity shots. They delivered their lines, in the various bits developed for them, with surprising ease. In one sequence they worked with Rube Jackter, Columbia vice-president and general sales manager, who was dressed as an umpire. Jackter, who's been doing this sort of thing for years, blew his lines several times, which delighted M & M.

The sequence was an eminently forgettable bit of film footage. Jackter exchanged some snappy dialogue with the ballplayers ("You're out!" "What do you mean, out?" "I said *out*—you fellows are out to make a great new moneymaking picture for Columbia." "What's the name of the picture?" "*Safe at Home!*" "That's what we said, we were safe at home."), and then, hardly gagging at all, he turned and made a sales-meeting pitch directly into the camera: "I'm talking to *you*, Milt Goodman . . . Jerry Safron . . . Sam Galanty . . . Ed McLaughlin [he mentioned nearly two dozen names, all belonging to salesmen and distributors]. This is a *great* box office picture. This is big league. And you're all long-ball hitters, *home run hitters!* I expect you to do a great gross for Mickey, for Roger, and for Columbia Pictures!" Jackter had to go through this several times, but when he finished his last take, the good one, he turned to the director and asked, pleased with himself this time, "How was that?" As if on cue, the crowd of Floridians and visitors watching from the stands burst into applause, possibly the first time a commercial has ever been voluntarily cheered.

The crowd cheered again a few days later when Mantle and Maris did their first scenes for the picture itself. The closing scene was being shot. The Little Leaguers burst onto the field, surround Mantle and Maris and then scamper out to their various positions to take lessons from the Yankees while little Hutch introduces his heroes to his father and Johanna: "This is my dad, and maybe my new mom." ("That's the worst line in the whole picture," a newsman said to an assistant director. The assistant director replied patiently, "You know, we don't expect this picture to play the Music Hall or win any Academy Awards. But you know, it's going to make a

continued

lot more money than some that do.")

It was a fairly easy sequence, with mostly action and very few lines, but it took all morning to film it, right up to and past the 11:30 deadline the Yankees had set for the movie equipment to be off the training field. A dense fog had settled over Lauderdale during the night (newspapers noted the next day that the area averages only seven days of fog a year, an encouraging statistic but one that failed to impress the movie people), and it didn't burn off completely until almost 11. The sun's fitful attempts to get through the haze caused a constant change in light values, sometimes during the filming of a sequence, so that the takes had to be done over and over. Tom Naud, his face set in a worried scowl, paced back and forth. Ralph Houk, the Yankee manager, had been drafted to play himself. In one scene he has one line, which he delivers to William Frawley, who plays a fictitious Yankee coach, Bill Turner. "Bill," says Houk, pointing to the mob of Little Leaguers surrounding the two Ms, "get out there and take charge of our new farm club." Houk and Frawley walked through the scene two or three times in rehearsal, as the director checked angles and the cameraman checked exposures and had the big spotlights and reflectors shifted to various positions. Then they went through it for real, and it wasn't 100% perfect, so they went through it again, but the light changed, so they went through it again, but the camera's motor reversed and the film began to go backward, so they went through it again, and it wasn't just the thing the director wanted, so they went through it again, and the sound failed for just the briefest part of a moment, so they went through it again.

Houk was magnificent through the whole mess, saying his dozen words perfectly each time the director cued him in, pointing manfully to the Little Leaguers and sending Frawley out from the dugout. But after the fifth or sixth take he began to rebel. "Can you find out if we're finished?" he asked plaintively, "because if we are I want to go get a chaw of tobacco." And, "Can't I get this stuff off my face?" indicating the makeup that had been applied around his cigar in the locker room earlier, as his rookies gathered to grin at him. And as they dragged him back to the camera again he said, "Oh, shoot. What a way to make a living." When finally Director Walter Doniger called, "Cut," and said, "Good for me," his way of indicating a satisfactory take, the crowd broke into loud and somewhat mocking applause, like that in a ball park after the third out of a 10-run inning.



Veteran Actor Bill Frawley (right) counsels Yankee Manager Ralph Houk.

Mantle and Maris, who had been remarkably calm and patient most of the time—as visions of dollars danced in their heads—got just a little tired, too. They took with good-natured grins the broad humor of their confreres in the locker room as they were being made up ("How you like my suntan?" Mantle asked late arrival Bill Stafford), and most of the time on the field they were fine with the Little Leaguers, who had been instructed to inundate the two players with questions. Like all Little Leaguers en masse, they were loud, persistent, repetitive and impossible ("Do you think you're as good as Ted Williams?" "Who's the best player in the league?" "How come you hit 61 home runs?" "Why didn't *you* hit 61 home runs?" "Do the Yankees own their own airplane?"). It got to be nerve-racking because there was no end to it. After each take, when the others—Houk, for example—could relax for a minute or two, the kids stayed glued to Mantle and Maris, stepping on their feet, pulling their sleeves, firing questions. The kids hardly seemed to notice when they were on camera and when they were not. Earlier, when they had first arrived at the ball park and had been brought into the locker room to meet Mantle and Maris, they had been subdued and polite and, when they were called out onto the field again, had filed past the players as though they were on a receiving line. One kid said, "Goodby, Mr. Maris," and another, furtively touching Roger's biceps as he passed, said quietly,

continued



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Mantle & Maris *continued*

"Wow." But outside they were loud and aggressive, and after an hour of it Mantle finally complained with some anger to an assistant director: "How long do we got to stand here?" Later, in a corner of the held, alone with Maris, he said wonderingly, "I never saw such a business. Seems you stand around all day doing nothing and then do about five minutes of the show."

The kids—Little Leaguers from Lauderdale and Pompano Beach who had been pressed into service as extras—were always eager but never easy to handle. "All right, boys," said one of the assistant directors, herding them into position. "Back here, now. Come on, now. It's hard work, but if you want to be movie stars it takes hard work." One boy, the tinsel dropping from his eyes, muttered, "It sure does." A Lauderdale youngster, a somewhat truculent type, noticed a strange boy in uniform standing next to him. "What's *your* name?" he said. The stranger, who plays Hutch Lawton's close friend Mike in the film, pretended not to notice. "Hey," said Lauderdale, "what's your name?" "Scott," the Hollywood boy said reluctantly. "Scott what?" There was a pause. "Scott Lane," the boy said. "You a movie star, too?" asked the blunt Lauderdalian. The Hollywood boy looked embarrassed and moved away.

For the beginning of the final sequence—for long shots—the kids were piled back into the tunneled runway under the stands that leads from the locker room to the dugout. On cue they were to pile out of the tunnel, race up the dugout steps, charge across the field and surround Mantle and Maris, yelling all the way. They rehearsed it two or three times, which was something to see, the kids roaring out and racing, yelling, across the grass. "Fellows, take it easy," cried an assistant director. "We don't want to know who's the fastest boy." The effort of getting the Little Leaguers back into the tunnel after each repeat was a tremendous one, like forcing 50 blown-up balloons back into the box they came in. "Back, boys! Back! Back up, now! Boys! Back up there!" "Hit 'em with a bat," a member of the camera crew suggested. "Boys," finally spoke Doniger, the director, a soft-voiced man who seemed the antithesis of the tyrant the director is traditionally supposed to be. "Now, boys," he said like a teacher, "when I talk you have to listen to me." They listened, sort of, and slowly retreated into the tunnel.

"O.K., now," said the first assistant director. "Quiet behind the camera."

"All right, Howard."

"Here we go, Burt."

"Roll 'em."

"Action!"

Out of the tunnel the boys poured, and up the steps of the dugout. Bryan Russell, the 9-year-old actor who plays Hutch, led the mob, but he tripped on the top step of the dugout and fell flat on his face.

"Cut," ordered Doniger dejectedly, and everything stopped — except the Little Leaguers, who roared past the fallen Bryan and continued their wild charge towards Mantle and Maris.

"Hold it!" yelled Doniger. "*Hold it!*" And he and an assistant director, trying to save time, raced out in front of the horde waving their hands, trying to stem the tide, yelling, "Hold it, hold it," slowing and finally stopping the boys.

Behind them, Mantle spoke. "One got through," he pointed out cheerfully.

Another bit had the boys leaving the athletes and running out onto the playing field. They disappeared from camera range as they crossed the baselines but, baseball players all, they kept right on running until they got to their positions, including distant left, center and right fields. Tongues began to hang after two rehearsals, since the boys—with the exception of the three who were professional actors—ran back in at full speed, too. Doniger spoke to them. "Fellows," he said, "don't run all the way out. Just run out past the baseline. Stop right out there in the middle, near the—uh, uh—near the—uh. . . ."

"The pitcher's mound," Mantle helped out.

Doniger smiled. "I would have figured that one out myself, Mickey."

Mantle, smiling, cocked a glance at Tom Naud.

continued

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"Honest, Mick," Naud said. "Wally knows where first base is."

The 70-year-old Frawley knew where first base was, and more. Veteran of countless movies, and more recently a star on the *I Love Lucy* and *My Three Sons* television shows, he was a favorite of everybody in the Yankee camp because of his wit—which was earthy and sharp—and his knowledge of baseball, which was genuine. In uniform he was the very pattern of the veteran baseball coach, his ample lines calling to mind the figure of James J. Dykes standing in the third-base coach's box, looking with utter disdain at a base runner just picked off second. As Frawley was being made up the first day, he asked, "Is this stomach all right? Should I wear one of those belts to pull it in?" A man watching said, "Your belly? I thought it was part of your makeup. You look perfect." Frawley wore his hat at a slightly rakish angle. "Acey-deucey, they call this," he said. "Rip Collins used to wear his cap this way."

Frawley was a delight to watch in his scenes—roaring in his bull voice when he was on camera, and making asides to the ballplayers and the spectators when he was off—but the most bizarre and distressing episode during the making of the film involved him. He had been ill Saturday afternoon and his malaise had been aggravated by the news of the death of an old friend, Joseph Kearns, who played Mr. Wilson on the *Dennis the Menace* television show. Frawley called in a doctor and received medicine and a sedative to make him sleep Saturday night. He slept but, as he said Sunday morning, "It was a drugged sleep," and when a car came by his hotel at 6:55 in the morning to pick him up and drive him out to location he was still woozy. In a scene with Mantle and Maris, Frawley kept forgetting his lines, and suddenly there was the extraordinary sight of the two amateurs, letter-perfect, patiently repeating their lines in rehearsal after rehearsal while the professional labored to remember his. Finally they went before the camera and Mantle, after all this, blew his first line. He broke up laughing, Frawley seemed to relax, and after that everything was on the upgrade. Frawley thrust his hands in his hip pockets, struck a Stengelian pose, and said, "I'll do it like Casey." Tom Naud grinned and said, "He's feeling better."

But the confusion and the delays and the repeated takes of the same scenes, over and over, never seemed to stop. The voices of the assistant directors, pleading with the crowd to be "quiet, please, just for a few minutes, folks, please!" seemed to echo all week. The set, even when it was roped off, seemed always to be crowded with nonessential people. At one point during the filming at the ball park the very long bench in the dugout was completely filled. Maris and Mantle and Houk and Yankee rookies working as extras were sitting along the step, but the bench itself was occupied by boys, girls, women, newspapermen, photographers and friends. Only one person in a baseball uniform was on the bench—and that was Bill Frawley. "I've heard of guests on a movie set," said a member of the Hollywood contingent, "but this is ridiculous."

And yet right through the last day of shooting, when Maris and Mantle and Frawley and the boy were playing interior scenes, the two top players remained startlingly professional and serious, except for their moans about the delays. There was almost no horseplay on the set, and few wisecracks—except from Frawley. When the makeup man would move in quickly, in an interval between takes, to fix Mantle's makeup or mop some sweat from Maris' forehead, they submitted quietly, with no resentment or embarrassment. When a sportswriter called Mickey "Marlon Mantle," Mickey smiled as though it were a good joke but a pretty old one. When Maris blew a line he walked away from the camera a few feet muttering in disgust, as though he'd just got a bad call at home plate, but there was only irritation at himself, no panic, no petulance. "We've been in a movie before," he said. "Last summer in Los Angeles. Mickey and I and Yogi Berra were in a scene in *That Touch of Mink*. It's not so bad."

Their big dramatic moment was played in the Yankee locker room when

continued

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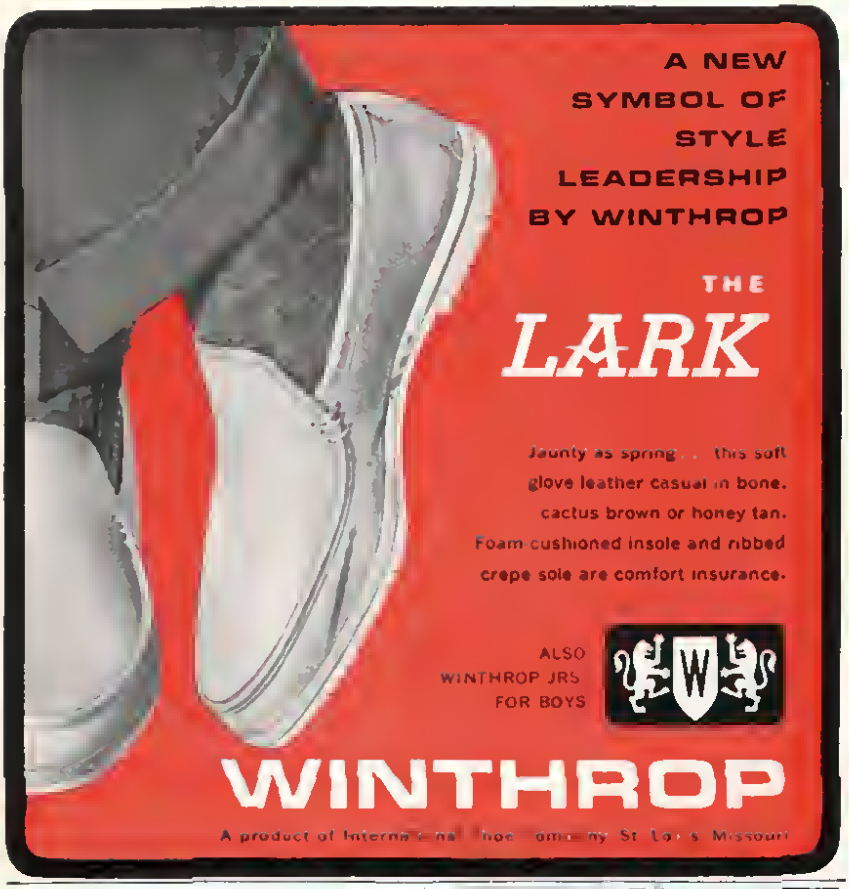
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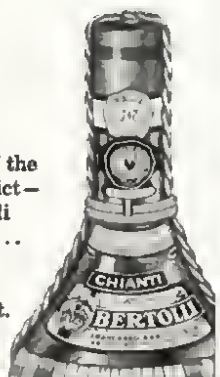
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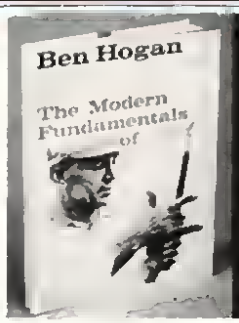
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Mantle & Maris *continued*

the boy, Hutch, asks Mickey and Roger to come to the banquet.

Mickey (gently): Hutch—you lied when you said you knew Rog and me. (*Hutch nods, ashamed.*)

Roger: And you lied when you said we would come to your banquet. (*Hutch nods again, more ashamed.*)

Mickey: If we showed up—we'd be trying to make your lie good. It'd be like making a foul ball fair by moving the baseline. It just isn't in the rules.

Roger: More than that, Hutch—it'd mean *we* were lying to all your teammates, too. We'd just be making it worse. When a lie starts—it involves everyone. (*Pause.*) You understand, Hutch? (CLOSEUP *of Hutch. He lifts his head. He is hiting back tears of shame.*)

Hutch: I—I didn't mean it—to be—so bad. (CLOSEUP *of Bill Turner. He is fighting back his own tears.* CLOSEUP *of Hutch—a cry for help.*)

Hutch: What am I going to do? (ANOTHER ANGLE. *Roger leans forward and takes him by the shoulders.*)

Roger (gently): There's only one thing you can do—face up to what you've done.

Mickey: You know, every man has to take the responsibility for what he's done. And if what he's done is wrong, he's got to undo it, Hutch.

Hutch: You—mean—tell them? (*Roger nods. So does Mickey.* CLOSEUP *of Hutch.*)

Hutch: I—I'll—try. (*He looks down and wipes at his eyes.* TWO SHOT *of Ken Lawton and Bill Turner.*)

Lawton: Son—it's time to go home.

And maybe a violin, playing softly in the background.

Mickey and Roger each had a complete script, of course, with the lines and cues clearly delineated, but although they'd gone through it at a preliminary reading before shooting started they didn't bother with it once filming actually began, depending instead on the quick rehearsals the director would put them through before each scene. They had little trouble. "They take direction well," said Doniger, "and they know their lines. There's not much more you can ask for." Tom Naud said, "We tried to make it

continued



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clear to them in New York, and again down here, that we didn't want them to *act*. We didn't want them to think they had to do something special. They're playing themselves. I don't know, I think they've done it. They've been great."

The film is scheduled for release in April, to coincide with the opening of the baseball season—which seems logical: if interest in baseball is high, interest in the film should be equally high. A baseball man in Fort Lauderdale, who chose not to be quoted, shook his head at this. "I don't care how good or bad the picture is," he said. "Baseball is not a good draw in April. We don't draw at the gate, and our rating for the games we televise is low. There's no big interest in baseball in April. They'd be better off if they held it for a couple of months." A movie man in Fort Lauderdale, who also chose not to be quoted, shook his head right back. "We *have* to open in April, when last season is still fresh in people's minds. We have to. Suppose we hold off, and then one of them gets hurt and doesn't play? Suppose they both go into terrible slumps? Suppose some other player does something terrific and everybody forgets about Mantle and Maris? And then we come out. We'd be dead. On the other hand, if we open in April and they start out hot or get hot after a month or so this little picture of ours will play right through the summer."

And then will come true the dreams of Tom Naud and Frank Scott and Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris. And of the Little Leaguer from Fort Lauderdale who sat on the bench in the dugout one day watching his heroes go through take after take of the same scene. "Would you want to be a movie star?" he was asked, in the fond delusion that he would respond like a true-blue, red-blooded, 100% all-American boy and say, no sir, he'd rather be a big league ballplayer.

"You bet," he said.

"Even after seeing all that stuff they have to go through?" he was asked.

"Sure," he said.

"Why, for Pete's sake?"

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YESTERDAY



The Lone and Battered Eagle

by MATTHEW J. BRUCCOLI

Eight years after Kitty Hawk, a pilot named Rodgers made the first flight across America

The year was 1911. Charles Lindbergh was 7 years old. Eddie Rickenbacker was an aspiring young driver of racing cars on midwestern tracks. Louis Bleriot had flown the English Channel only two years before, and Glenn Curtiss had made the first continuous flight from Albany to New York City just a year earlier. It was less than a decade since the first airplane had flown at Kitty Hawk. Just getting a plane off the ground still was considered a remarkable accomplishment. Nevertheless, William Randolph Hearst, in a gesture more grandiose than realistic, offered a prize of $50,000 to the first aviator who succeeded in crossing the continent in less than 30 days.

A gangling, 6-foot 4-inch, cigar-smoking adventurer named Calbraith Perry Rodgers announced that he would try for the prize. Rodgers, a grandson of Commodore Perry, had made a modest name for himself a little earlier by going from Buffalo to New York City in a single day by motorcycle. Now, with two months' flying experience, he was anxious to make a bigger name.

A new airplane, known as the EX, was built for Rodgers by the Wright factory in Dayton. The craft measured 32 feet from "tip to tip," and was powered by a four-cylinder engine of 30 horsepower which drove two propellers. It was "capable of 75 mph with the wind, 50 against," and was the most durable plane yet built by the Wrights. The frame was made of spruce and bamboo strengthened with a new metal called aluminum, and with its 25-gallon fuel tank it promised to permit "flights of extraordinary duration." Repairs and refueling en route were to be effected in a special hangar car attached to a pilot train that was to escort Rodgers across the 3,000 miles of forest, mountain, prairie and desert to Los Angeles.

At 3:30 p.m. on Sept. 17, 1911, Cal Rodgers arrived at the Sheepshead Bay Race Track, Long Island. A crowd of about 2,000 pressed curiously around his airplane. Just before his arrival, Miss Amelia Swift of Memphis christened the plane *Vin Fiz* with a bottle of Vin Fiz, a new soft drink put out by the firm that was helping to finance Rodgers' flight.

Rodgers had to delay his departure for a half hour while he checked the plane for possible damage done to it by the crowd. Then he posed for the motion-picture men, accepted a four-leaf clover from a Mrs. J. B. Harris of Terrell, Texas, bit down on his cigar and climbed

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aboard. At 4:25 p.m. Rodgers ran his plane about 300 feet down the field, turned and took off over the heads of the spectators. Klaxons blew and handkerchiefs waved as he circled the field once and then disappeared over Brooklyn.

Rodgers crossed New York City and Jersey City and, navigating by such landmarks as Pavonia Avenue and the Erie Railroad tracks, which had been whitewashed at intervals for 25 miles, made it to Middletown, N.Y. He had covered 84 miles in less than two hours.

The next morning, while attempting a take-off from the Pleasure Grounds at Middletown, Rodgers barely missed a four-foot-high stone wall, and then, 20 feet off the ground, struck the limb of a willow tree with one of his wing tips. This whipped him headlong into a hickory tree, and when he was pulled out of the wreckage of the plane he was bleeding from a scalp laceration but was still smoking the cigar he had lighted just before the take-off.

Off again, down again

Three days later, his plane repaired and equipped with two new propellers sent from the Wright factory, Rodgers took off again. This time he got into the air, and after buzzing the insane asylum headed west. At some towns along the way, children were excused from school, factory whistles blew and business was suspended for the day just to see him fly over. By Sept. 22 he reached Elmira, 289 miles from Sheepshead Bay. At Canisteo, N.Y., a magneto failed and, mistaking a swamp for a meadow, Rodgers smashed up his landing gear. The next day he spliced the damaged members and reached the vicinity of Jamestown, where a piece of the wing blew off and a sparkplug fouled up. He landed in a double line of barbed wire along a country lane. This shattered both propellers again and tore the rest of the wing to bits.

After Rodgers, with the help of the mechanics from the train, had rebuilt the *Vin Fiz*, he flew through Ohio in five days, but then, while crossing Indiana, he ran into three severe thunderstorms and several times lost sight of his pilot train. He was buffeted by 40-mph winds over Decatur, and was caught in a drenching rain at 1,000 feet while approaching Huntington. He landed safely, however, but on his take-off the next morning he had to dodge beneath a tele-

phone line. He dove right into a sharp rise in the terrain that followed, and the damage to his plane and person caused several days' delay.

On Oct. 8 Rodgers arrived in Chicago. He had covered 1,199 miles in a total flying time of 21 hours and 53 minutes. From Chicago to Springfield, Ill., Rodgers left fragments of himself and his plane at Streator, Peoria and Middletown, Ill. Stiff, cold and exhausted by the strain of balancing himself precariously on his wind-whipped plane, Rodgers nonetheless remained determined. He said wearily when he reached Marshall, Mo., "I will accomplish the coast-to-coast flight if it is possible."

In Kansas City whistles on every packing house announced the arrival of the *Vin Fiz*, and ordinarily sane people spread bed sheets on their back lawns and rattled pots and pans to induce Rodgers to land on their 50-foot plots. But Rodgers wisely landed at Swope Park.

By then he realized he had no chance of winning the Hearst money. For reasons known only to himself, Rodgers decided to keep going. He headed south from Kansas City, and near Waco, Texas on Oct. 19 crowds damaged his plane so severely he had to make more repairs. But he had come to expect that sort of treatment.

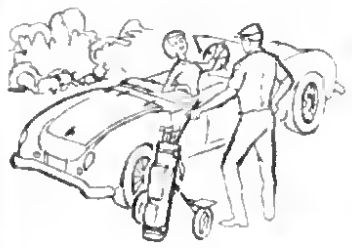
Chafing had almost disintegrated the rigging of the *Vin Fiz* by the time it landed on Oct. 24 in a cotton field near Lacoste, Texas. The elevator and rudder cables were also shredding, and the engine constantly skipped, misfired and quite often quit in the air. One of Rodgers' unscheduled landings because of his faltering engine was in corn so tall that the crew from the train had to organize parties to beat their way to him. Then, at Spofford, Texas, he had to cut down cactus and stumps in a field with a machete before he could take off. But while taxiing down the field he hit a stump he had overlooked and damaged the lower left wing, skids, tail assembly and propellers of the plane. It took the tireless crew from the train until noon the next day to repair the damage.

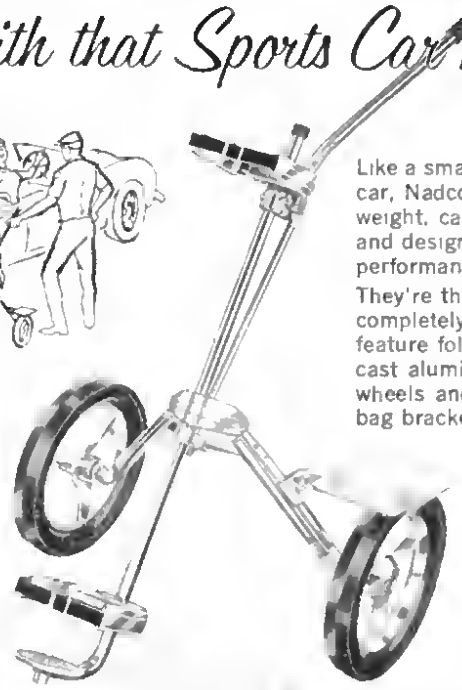
As Rodgers crossed the peak of Sierra Blanca, water leaked from the water pump and steam hissed from leaking cylinder jackets. He landed in a field of sagebrush at Fort Hancock, Texas and cracked off the tail skid of the *Vin Fiz*. When the pilot train pulled up, Rodgers said, "It got awfully puffy, getting over that range."

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The Battered Eagle (concluded)

The New York Times was optimistic about Rodgers' chances and in an editorial stated: "There is not as much talk as there should be about the courage and persistence of C. P. Rodgers. . . . Rodgers has completed two thirds of the trip and has had everything happen that can happen outside of death . . . The margin of safety of the aeroplane is still too small to be rated as practical, but Rodgers inspires one to wait confidently for someone to make the aeroplane good enough."

Rodgers got across Texas and well into Arizona without too many more accidents. But on the desert near Stoval, Ariz., where the towns were 100 miles apart, both the *Vin Fiz* and the pilot train ran out of gas. Rodgers had to flag down a westbound express train to get a new supply of gas.

Not the same plane

Lack of gas wasn't the only problem Rodgers faced on the last lap of his journey. Only the rudder and a strut remained as original equipment of the frame of the new plane that had started out from Sheepshead Bay. And when a small screw came loose in the motor, causing a connecting rod to snap, Rodgers had to have a new engine installed.

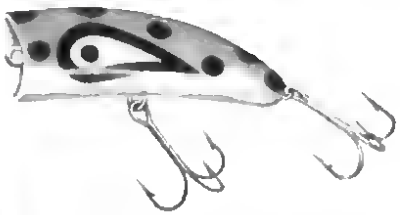
He managed to cross the San Gorgonio Pass in California a few days later even though the plane was bounced about by strong headwinds. Water gushed from the radiator, which had shaken loose, and the magneto snapped its fittings. It took him two hours and 20 minutes to make a hundred miles, fighting the headwind all the way.

Somehow the *Vin Fiz* was tied together for its last big push. Rodgers reached Pomona, Calif., stopped there an hour and then took off through a huge crowd that wouldn't move until he aimed the *Vin Fiz* directly at it.

At 4.04 p.m. on Sunday, Nov. 5, almost two months after his departure from Sheepshead Bay, Cal Rodgers reached Pasadena. It had taken him 49 days to fly 3,220 miles, although his actual time in the air had been only 82 hours and four minutes.

A happy mob of over 20,000 people wrapped him in a flag and paraded him around the city. Rodgers said modestly to the reporters who swarmed around him, "I don't feel much tired. I believe that in a short time we shall see it done in 30 days—perhaps less." END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BADMINTON MRS. JUDY DEVLIN HASHMAN of Baltimore defeated Judy Stone 11-4, 11-0 in the finals of the All-England Women's Championships in London to win the title for the [illegible] the 1st time.

BASKETBALL College: PHILLY/NEW ORLEANS JUNIOR DELEGATES [illegible] defeated the red (Soviet) squad 82-80 and the blue squad 84-81. Stu Aller led the 82-80 win with 26 points, including 16 of the last 17 for the blue squad. In the process, he broke the 16-year National Junior College career scoring record of Hutchinson (Kans.) Junior College's Bob Boozer. Aller played before 6,000 at Hutchinson's Sports Arena. Paul Hogue, Tarkington (Texas) Junior College's All-America center, scored 30 points as Galveston's Central Texas Marines (Navy) 74-49 to win its first title in 12 years and stretch its winning streak to 32.

NBA: PHILADELPHIA 76ers beat Wilt Chamberlain's home-on-the-hardwood Los Angeles Lakers 118-109 as Hal Greer, NBA's leading scorer responded with a career-high record 56 points and 35 rebounds to lead the visitors' fine Warriors to a 121-104 victory in the Sixers' home in the fifth and deciding game of the Eastern semifinals in Philadelphia. But in the first game of the division finals the league's most valuable player, Bill Russell, blocked and stopped Chamberlain's shots, holding him to 12 points in the first half, 21 in the second as the Celts won easily 117-89 in Boston.

DETROIT brought in abrupt end to Cincinnati's playoff hopes, twice defeated the Royals by one point and won the Western semifinals three games to one. In the finale, however, the Pistons were quick-to-be-checked at Los Angeles by the Lakers, who beat them twice 132-108 and 127-112 as Elgin Baylor had a two-day total of 64 points. It gave the Lakers a last shot in the best-of-seven series.

BOXING EMILE GRIFFITH left Champion Benny Paret near death after knocking him out in the 12th round to regain the welterweight title at Madison Square Garden, New York City (*see page 12*).

LASZLO PAPP, Hungarian middleweight and all-iron Curtain athlete (the Communist world's only pro boxer), knocked down Ralph (Tiger) Jones of Brooklyn three times en route to a 10-round decision at the Duke Ellington Arena of 16,000 in Vienna.

CURLING CANADA went undefeated in the double-round-robin championship in Edinburgh, Scotland to win the world curling title for the fourth consecutive year.

FENCING HUNGARY went undefeated against seven-nation field to win the Women's International Sabre Team Competition in Warsaw. Russia was second and the U.S. fifth.

FIELD HOCKEY U.S. WOMEN'S TEAM stopped shutouts with two English teams, beating the South of England 1-0 at Oxford, then losing to the English Midlands 2-0 at Kidderminster, England.

FOOTBALL WASHINGTON REDSKINS completing their second trade since the end of the 1961 season, sent 250-pound center Jim Schrader and defensive halfback Bob Scott to Philadelphia in exchange for hard-running halfback Bill Brown and defensive back Bobby Freeman.

HARNESS RACING SCOTCH ABBY ($6.70) with the owner's son Ned Gallentine in the sulky led a close five-horse finish to win the $12,450 Glen Head Pace at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y. The winner paced the mile in 2:05[illegible], edging Flying Time by a head.

HOCKEY NEW YORK, in the season ended beat out Detroit for fourth place and grabbed the one remaining Stanley Cup berth. Returning to cup play for the first time since 1958 the Rangers take on second place Toronto, while the regular-season leader Montreal meets third-place Chicago in best-of-seven semifinals. Chicago's Bobby Hull scored his 50th goal of the season to tie the NHL record. Hull and the Rangers' Andy Bathgate deadlocked for the league's scoring honors, both with 84 points. However the trophies goes to the Chicago ring because of more goals scored.

HORSE RACING YORKTOWN ($12,80[illegible]), an injury-plagued 5-year-old, came on strong in the stretch to finish 1¼ lengths in front of Globemaster in the $115,900 John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie, Md. Ridden by James Nichols, Yorktown covered the 1¼-mile course in 1:43⅖.

FLYING COTTAGE opened the Carolina-Virginia hunt season with a victory over Jamaica Boy in the Southhills Cup at Southern Pines, N.C.

MOTOR SPORTS JOAKIM BONNIER and LUCIEN BIANCHI, alternating at the wheel of a 12-cylinder Ferrari, drove to an easy victory in the world championship 12 Hour Endurance Race at Sebring, Fla. (*see page 30*).

SKIING JIM PAGE, a Dartmouth junior, finished first in the cross-country race and made a strong enough showing in the three other events to win the NCAA championship's skiing title in Squaw Valley. Colo. Denver Pioneers, a ski-slicked ski squad, swept all four team events on points and its sixth national collegiate title. Colorado was second and Western State was third.

SPEED SKATING KEN LEBEL from the North American Indoor Championships in Lake Placid, N.Y. Knelt Kerber got a first place and four seconds to win the women's title.

SWIMMING TERRI STICKLES, DON SCHOLLANDER and DONNA de VARONA three teen-agers, three American records at Santa Clara. Operation Stickles broke four of Chris von Saltza's marks, winning the 100-meter free in 54.9 and the 220 freestyle in 2:34.5. Schollander defeated Yale's Steve Clark in the 220- and 440-yard swimming, that distance in 1:59.7. Conquering Clark's U.S. record. Racing against the clock, the 15-year-old Schollander set his 440 freestyle in 4:18.5, another unofficial record. Donna de Varona finished the 400 I.M. and 1 other record in 4:54.4.

TERRI STICKLES, Ingram Cincinnati's sophomore world champion, continued her record-breaking spree this time setting an American record of 4:50.9 for the 400-yard individual medley at Indiana AAU championships in Bloomington, Ind. Stickles now holds the world medley records for 440 yards and 400 meters, chipped 3.4 seconds off the old 440 held by USC's Charley Barrick.

ROBYN JOHNSON, pushed by second-place Heather Irene Johnson (no kin), set a U.S. record of 1:01.5 for the 100-meter freestyle at intercollegiate AAU meet, Greensboro, N.Y. Both women broke the old record of 1:04.5 held by Chris von Saltza.

TENNIS ROD LAVER, after a bad run of luck, started rolling. U.S. players beat fellow Australian Ray Emerson, ranked No. 1 ranked player 9-7, 6-2, 6-0 in the finals of the Alitalia Tournament. Chicken Venezuela. Maria Bueno downing U.S. champion Darlene Hard of Montebello, Calif. 6-2, 8-6, 6-2 took the women's title for the third straight year.

TRACK & FIELD KANSAS UNIVERSITY'S relay teams set national indoor records of 9:48.8 in the distance medley and 7:29.2 in the two-mile at the Kansas State Relays. But the school lost the university division team title by one point to Oklahoma State in Manhattan, Kans.

GARY IMHOF, an Illinois high school senior, cleared 13 feet 4¾ inches at the Saperstein (Ill.) Relays to break the national inter-scholastic indoor pole-vaulting record (13 feet 4½ inches held by Stan Jefferson).

WRESTLING OKLAHOMA STATE, retained its National Collegiate wrestling team title, tying the record total of 82 points it set in last year's championship in Stillwater. Runner-up Oklahoma, 37 points behind, signaled State with three individual champions. Gray Simmons of Lock Haven (Pa.) State College, closing out the finest collegiate career ever, beat Mark McCracken 7-2 to win his third national 115-pound title and extend his unbeaten string to 85 matches. For the second straight year he was named the tournament's outstanding wrestler.

MILEPOSTS RETIRED JAMES G. THOMPSON, 55-year-old British petroleum executive and hydroponics outstanding designer, after the death of his friend and trainer, Bob Hayward. Reached peak in month, along with Thompson in his twin-engine plane, *Miss Sapphire III*, winner of three successive Harmsworth Trophies. With Hayward at the wheel, *Miss Sapphire III* in 1959 broke the U.S.'s 39-year stranglehold on the world championship trophy. The same two men successfully defended it in 1960 and 1961.

DIED. HAL PRICE HEADLEY, 73, prominent Thoroughbred turfsman and breeder, whose horses won more than one thousand races and earned $4,844,073, but never brought their respected owner the Kentucky Derby roses in Lexington, Ky. Headley's Beaumont Farm did breed the dams of Derby winners Swaps and Clyde Van Dusen, as well as Menow, the sire of Capot and Tom Fool. A founder of the Keeneland Association, Headley served as the track's first president.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

16, 17 [illegible]; 19—[illegible]; Schlaifer 43, 48 [illegible] 64 [illegible]; 72—[illegible] 101 [illegible]; [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



SANDRA KNOTT, 24, of Columbus, Ohio, ran 880-yard run in 2:17.4 in track meet at Cleveland to chip one-tenth of a second off the existing women's world record and equaled recent record-breaking performance by her sister, Suzanne, who ran the 440 event in 58.2.



GENE DAVIS, a junior at Missoula County (Mont.) H.S., was named outstanding wrestler at this year's state high school tournament. Over three years, Davis is undefeated in 47 matches and three times state champion at three different weights.



CATHY NAGEL, 13, of Skykomish, Wash., won ladies' downhill race in the Junior National Alpine Ski Championships at Whitefish, Mont. by completing 4,500-foot course in 1:26.8. Sandy Bower of Auburn, Me. completed the course in 1:28.1 in second place.



NATE BRANCH, junior at Ravenswood H.S. in East Palo Alto, Calif., scored with seconds to play in fifth overtime in finals of northern California basketball championships game. Ravenswood, a 80–78 win in longest title game ever played in northern California.



ANNE ROGERS of Mahopac, N.Y., a professional dog handler, guided Mary S. Brewster's Ch. Edward's Reddi Career, a three-pound, orange-colored Pomeranian, to impressive best in show wins on consecutive nights at shows in Harrisburg, Pa., Washington, D.C.



ROY SAARI, senior at El Segundo (Calif.) H.S., set new American record in winning the 1,500-meter freestyle in 17:23.4 in the Southern Pacific AAU swim championships at Los Angeles, defeated Australia's John Konrads, the world record-holder, by half 30 yards.

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

If there was any doubt that the best basketball this year was played in the state of Ohio, it was dispelled last Saturday when the 1962 season closed in a rush of excitement and plaudits for **Cincinnati** and **Dayton.** The superbly disciplined Bearcats, who were out to prove for a second time that they were better than neighboring **Ohio State,** did it convincingly enough, 71–59, in the NCAA finals at Louisville *(see page 20)*, while Dayton's elegant Flyers beat **St. John's** 73–67 to win the NIT championship in New York.

THE NIT

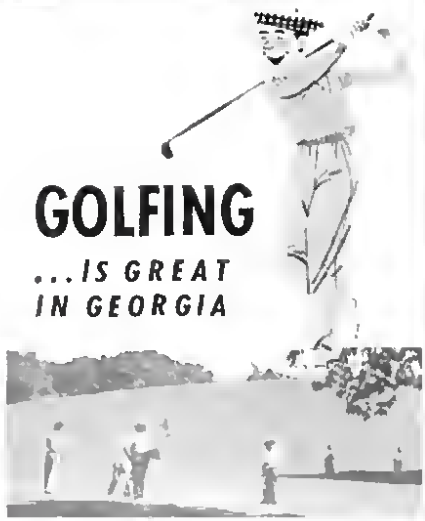
With 44 seconds to go in New York's Madison Square Garden, St. John's Coach Joe Lapchick strode purposefully to the Dayton bench and graciously offered his congratulations to Coach Tom Blackburn. A moment later, exuberant Dayton fans swarmed out of the stands with a rush that made the Garden floor look like Normandy on D-day. They pounded backs black and blue, hoisted weary but happy Flyers to their shoulders and cheered Blackburn enthusiastically. There was good reason for all this hoopla. After nine failures in the last 11 years, Dayton had beaten a fine St. John's team for its first NIT title.

Blackburn himself was undoubtedly too excited to be thinking about his recent troubles—some of these same enthusiasts had hanged him in effigy after Dayton lost two in a row in January. Perhaps he was reflecting on his own petulant analysis of his team then ("We've got a lousy club"). Most likely, however, he was considering how fortunate he was to have two such splendid sophomores as Bill Chmielewski and Gordy Hatton. They had picked up the desultory Flyers in midseason, brought them into the NIT with a string of seven straight and then hustled them past **Wichita** and **Houston** in the early rounds. Chmielewski, a 6-foot-10, 235-pounder sometimes called The Moose, had entranced even the critical Garden habitues with his skill and agility. He rebounded strongly, scored spectacularly with graceful hooks and short jumpers, passed off expertly and defended meticulously. The smaller Gordy Hatton had been a brilliant playmaker, setting up his bigger front-line teammates, driving tirelessly and putting in twisting, squirming lay-ups.

However, Chmielewski did have some first-half difficulties against **Loyola** of Chicago in the semifinals. The run-and-gun Ramblers clogged up the middle effectively, and Chimmy's shots just wouldn't fall. But the Hatton boys, Gordy and brother Tom, buzzed in and around the rangy Loyolans like busy bees, Garry Roggenburk shot superbly and Dayton managed to stay close. In the second half Chmielewski found the range and Loyola fell apart. He finished with 27 points, Gordy Hatton got 33 and the Flyers won easily 98–82.

Meanwhile, St. John's worked its way into the championship round. The Redmen, operating diligently behind LeRoy Ellis, a skinny 6-foot-10 leaper with a deft touch, rode out a bristling late-game burst by Jack Foley, **Holy Cross'** snappy jump shooter, to beat the Crusaders 80–74. Then St. John's met **Duquesne,** which had muscled its way past **Bradley** 88–85, in the quarter finals. The aggressive Dukes, relying upon their usual clawing, clutching man-to-man and the eye-catching drives and jump shots of Willie Somerset, had St. John's beaten 30–14 after 14 minutes. But Lapchick shrewdly adjusted his offense to open up the middle, and Ellis began to float in his soft hooks. Kevin Loughery and Willie Hall hit from the outside and the Redmen chipped away at the Duquesne lead. They cut it to 36–27 at half time and finally went ahead to stay with five minutes left. But the exasperated Dukes continued to claw and clutch, and the game eventually deteriorated into a fist-swinging brawl before St. John's won 75–65. Duquesne also lost the consolation playoff to Loyola, 95–84.

In the final, played before 16,037, the issue was clearly between Dayton's Chmielewski and St. John's Ellis. For a while it appeared that the Redmen, attacking with the patience that Lapchick admires, would drive the Flyers right out of the ball game. Ellis, Loughery and Ivan Kovac got them off to an 18–11 lead after the first 10 minutes. Then Big Chimmy went to work. With help from 6-foot-7 Harold Schoen and 6-foot-6 Roggenburk, who drifted off their men at every opportunity, he contained Ellis on defense and snapped rebounds away from him underneath both boards. Chmielewski scored 11 points in the next 10 minutes, and Dayton led 35–29 at half time. The precise Flyers' defense forced St. John's into haphazard shots in the second half, and the Redmen never could catch up. Chmielewski (later voted the tournament's Most Valuable Player) outscored Ellis, 24 points to 22, and when St. John's threatened briefly near the end, Gordy Hatton, who had been restrained admirably by Donnie Burks and Kovac, broke away for 11 points in the last 4½ minutes to give Dayton a 73–67 victory. After this performance Coach Blackburn was convinced that his midseason estimate of his team was premature. "The best team I've ever had," said Blackburn. **END**



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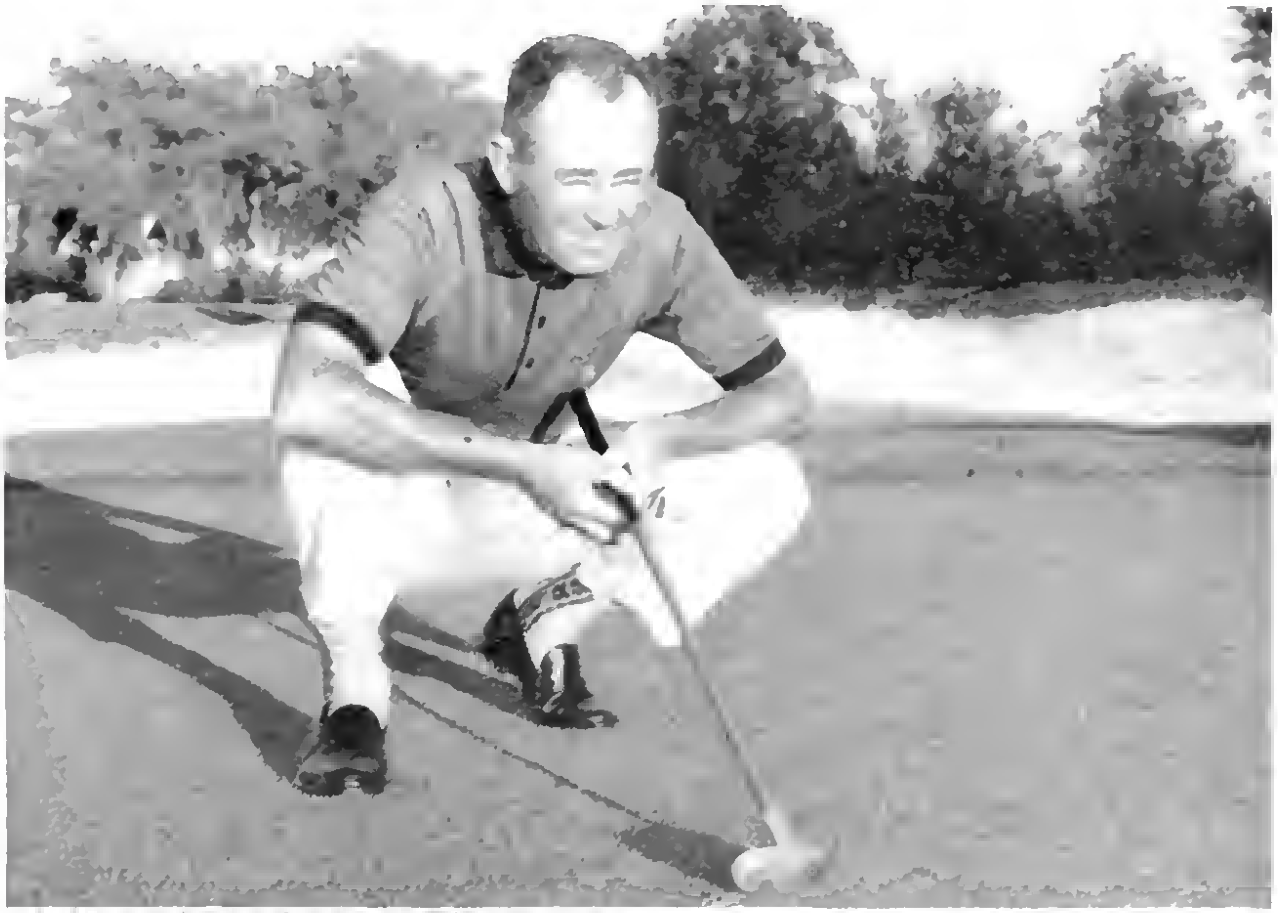
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GAMBLING GEYSERS

Sirs:

That fellow Robert Boyle comes on strong and friendly as a new rooster in a hen house (*The Hottest Spring*, March 19). His descriptions of fun-spangled Hot Springs—its sporty habitués and sporting activities, its solid citizens and Runyonesque characters—present a delightfully accurate picture of a thoroughly charming town.

One encounters lots of otherwise nice folks who have the mule-lipped opinion that excitement in Arkansas is limited to throwing rocks at snakes and that nocturnal activity consists of sitting around by lantern light and discussing the price of soybeans. We're grateful for your contributions to their education.

LEWIS M TEETER

Pine Bluff, Ark.

Sirs:

You state that the old order in Hot Springs was overthrown by the G.I.s under my leadership, that during my tenure as district attorney gambling was closed but subsequent to my election as governor illegal gambling returned.

I enforced the law while I was prosecuting attorney. Subsequent to my election as governor, as the chief law enforcement officer of the state, I continued to honor my oath of office.

On February 28, 1952 the state police, under Captain Ben Kent, raided the Southern Club and the Pines, confiscating $75,000 worth of gambling equipment.

Open, illegal gambling was not resumed in Arkansas until after I went out of the governor's office in January 1953.

SIDNEY S MCMATH

Little Rock, Ark.

● Governor McMath did indeed put a stop to the gambling—on the day of the raid.—ED.

Sirs:

A striking example that gambling can be conducted cleanly by local citizens as a tourist attraction.

Some years ago it used to be this way in our wonderful old city of New Orleans. The tourists used to flock here for something besides Oysters Rockefeller and the French Quarter. Then the syndicate came, followed by a crime commission, and this spoiled everything.

Except for Mardi Gras and Sugar Bowl time, we get the Greyhound bus and $10 excursion crowd. The trouble with reformers is they don't know when to stop reforming. Next we'll probably have closed movies, closed taverns and no golf on Sunday.

JUD RAYMOND

New Orleans

ALIVE, ALIVE-O

Sirs:

The Reds Is Dead (March 19)—just as they were last year, when you said they would end up in sixth place.

I must agree that Cincinnati's Reds are having their troubles, but they are far from dead. They just started to live.

BARRY BLOCK

Dayton

Sirs:

Better the National League with Dead Reds than the American League with nine teams that never even lived!

MRS JACK NUTTER

Newark, Ohio

Sirs:

Three cheers for Walter Bingham. The Reds *is* dead.

KEN CONRAD

East Peoria, Ill.

Sirs:

Your candid snapshot of Gene Freese sliding into second, with unfortunate results thereof, was simply fantastic!

I experienced shooting pains in my left ankle (which I broke 12 years ago) for the rest of the day.

LEIGH BACKSTROM

Providence

COUSY CURE

Sirs:

I agree with Bob Cousy about the defensive game (*Basketball—or Vaudeville?* March 19). More stress has got to be put on it. I think one way might be the elimination of the 24-second rule.

JOEL ALDERMAN

Kent, Ohio

Sirs:

I am still much in favor of raising the baskets to 12 feet. As Bob says, the 7-footer will still be 12 inches closer than the 6-footer. But the tall man, though closer, would still not be at the basket nor above the basket. He would be under it.

With all the discussion pro and con about raising the baskets, it's odd how little experimentation has actually been arranged to observe the practical advantages of higher goals.

W. ROSS BOOKER

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

How about an actual experiment, televised—a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED promotion—between altitude-divided teams of all-star pros?

ALAN BAXTER

Hollywood

Sirs:

The solution here is clear. Play the shorter schedule, but don't cut the players' salaries for the year involved. If profits are less, have the players bound to take a proportionate cut in their salaries for the next year.

RICHARD F. TEETSEL

Buffalo

Sirs:

I hope the NBA considers Bob's proposals, because professional basketball is like the daily news. It's there every night, and if I miss it one day I know I can see it another. No single game stands out.

W. P. PECKHAM

Watsonville, Calif.

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